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NINETEENTH YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1899.

NO. 97

GENTLEMEN:
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A. E. NETTLETON'S \$5.00 SHOES FOR
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Now is your opportunity if you need shoes.
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J. SIMS WILSON.

HANGING OF CLARENCE WILLIAMS.

Full Details Of the Execution,
Statement Of the Condemned
Man, His Last Hours, Etc.

At 7:05 o'clock yesterday morning, in the yard of the Bourbon County Jail, Clarence Williams paid the extreme penalty of the law for the murder of Josie Tillman, by being hung by the neck until he was dead.

HIS LAST HOURS.

Williams retired early, and at nine o'clock he was in bed and slept soundly through the night. He was, however, up early. At five o'clock he awoke and began to dress himself. The wonderful nerve he has displayed all along has caused those who have been in daily contact with him to wonder. His first request this morning was for a needle and thread, as he wished to sew a button on his clothes. A female prisoner was taken to his cell to do the sewing, and her extreme nervousness caused her to smile. "Why, you are more nervous than I am," he said. He threaded a fine cambric needle by candlelight.

The efforts of the minister Sunday had a marked effect on him. He was perfectly resigned to his fate, and said that he freely forgave all his enemies, and wished their forgiveness. He wished to meet Josie Tillman in Heaven, and knew that she has already forgiven him for the great wrong he had done her. He was particularly proud of the fact that he had kept his nerve up, and said it was his intention to die game.

When asked what he desired for breakfast he said he did not care. Mrs. Ashbrook furnished him with a broiled quail and coffee, etc., and he ate it with evident relish.

Early in the morning Mr. Kiser received the following communication from Williams which was his last on earth:

"Mr. Kiser remember me as long as you live. This is from the one you have been so kind to. Here is a picture that is drawn for you at your request. I don't think there is a prisoner in jail can speak a harmful word against you and tell the truth. You have been good to me, and I appreciate it very much. Hoping that we will meet in Heaven on the golden street. Good bye. Yours respectfully, CLARENCE WILLIAMS

At ten minutes to seven Williams began his march to the scaffold. He was in charge of Deputy Sheriff Mitchell, who had previously pinioned his arms. Williams wore a black suit of clothes with a red rose on the lapel of his coat.

Sheriff Bowen brought up the rear. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step and took his place on the trap.

Ed. J. C. Gray sang a hymn and delivered a prayer. The noose was then adjusted, the black cap drawn, and at 7:05 the drop fell.

His neck was broken and his death was painless. At 7:15 Drs. F. M. Faris, Wm. K. Meany and Ben Frank pronounced him dead.

As the noose was placed on his neck he exclaimed, "Draw it tight," at the same time recognizing a friend in the crowd said: "Good bye W. W."

Williams kept his wonderful nerve to the last, and it was the universal opinion that he died the gamest of any person ever executed in the State.

The execution was the most successful one ever had in the State.

The scaffold was erected in the Southwestern side of the jail yard, near the railroad bridge. The spectators were admitted by gate-keeper Joe Williams, upon the presentation of the black-bordered card of admission.

Williams began Sunday to make preparations for the execution. He was shaved by Forrest Lang. The doomed man wore a plain black suit furnished by Parker & James. The coffin was furnished by undertaker G. W. Davis.

At seven o'clock Sunday afternoon Williams was visited by Rev. Webster and four deacons of the colored Baptist Church, who prayed and sang with him. Williams said that he had made his peace with his Maker, and that he was ready to die. To a News reporter Williams said that he knew the hour and would not take any stimulant to nerve himself for the terrible ordeal.

During the religious services a noisy crowd laughed and joked below the window of the death cell, and called to the prisoner to get a glimpse of him.

A News reporter Williams said that he did not want his mother, who lives in Mississippi to know how he died. His father is alive but does not live in Paris.

Williams' Own Story.

The following is Clarence Williams' own story of his life, as dictated by him for the News:

My father is Peter Williams and my mother is named Eileen Barrett. My mother left her when I was a small boy in 1888 with Mrs. Thompson, and I stayed with my father for about two years until he treated me so bad that I left him. After that I stayed in town with Martin Palmer for one year, and after that I stayed in Claysville the balance of my life, until I got into this trouble.

The public called me a mean man simply because I wouldn't let everybody run over me. I am a small man and carried a gun to protect myself. The first time I ran away from home I asked him to let me go hunting and that night when I came home he jumped on me and beat me until I could hardly stand up. It seemed like I was the black sheep of the family so I left home and stayed with Vol Howe, and my father came after me and said he was going to put me in jail until I was twenty-one years old. I begged him not to do that and I would come home and be a good boy.

After I came back home he worked me for a week when I was sick and wouldn't get me a doctor. I took down in bed with a fever and I laid in bed

four months and got up too soon and took a backset. The cause of my taking the backset was that he made me go to the field and shake eight shocks of corn in the snow and March winds. He ran me away from home once with a shotgun and told me to stay away and never come back, if I did he would kill me.

After that I had trouble with William Warren and I shot him once in the abdomen and once in the arm, and served two years in the Frankfort penitentiary for it. Previous to this I had Josie Tillman as a paramour and Cap Tillman found it out and took her out to the colored folks' cemetery at Willis Magowan's, and told him if I came out there to kill me. Then I never had anything to do with her until I came back from the "pen."

I took up with her on the third day of January as a paramour and I stayed with her until I killed her—the one I loved—Josie Tillman.

I was on the table at Sam Grafford's grocery in Claysville and Henry Walker came to me and asked if I wanted to make some money. I asked him what doing and he said he had some cows to sell and we would make about \$75 or \$80. I told him I never did anything like that but he insisted on me going with him and I finally went with him, and we took them to Georgetown and sold them for \$85 and went to Lexington, where we divided the money. If it hadn't been for him I wouldn't be where I am to-day in the Paris jail, condemned to be hung.

I bought my gun in Lexington. I killed Josie Tillman but I didn't go to do it. It wasn't my intention to kill her but to scare her and make her come back to me. I do not believe I would have shot her if she had stood still, but she wheeled to run, and that was the cause of her getting shot. The evidence that was given against me I could not blame the jurymen. There was lots of perjuring done on the stand, if it was only known. There was a great deal of malice against me in my case, and at that they won't make any great fortune for it. All I can say is that I hope them all well in the future. The reason a great many swore to lies they were afraid of Capt. Tillman, as he is a great bully in Claysville, and they thought he would fix it with them. I think I deserve to be punished but not so severe. I only wish that Mr. Bradley will change my sentence to life in the penitentiary and then I will have a chance to change my ways and get repentence, as I have been a sinner in my past days.

I must say that Mrs. Ashbrook and her runty, Mr. A. M. Kiser, have treated me like I was white, and I appreciate it. My favorite among the prisoners is Mr. Forest Lang. He has treated me like a brother. There wasn't anything he had that was too good for me. As the saying goes "he certainly was good to me" and that aint no lie.

CLARENCE WILLIAMS.

Williams' Last Statement.

I won't have anything to say Monday but will say all I have to say to-day (Wednesday, December 6th). I hope all men and boys will take my advice and not let women or whiskey or a gun get the best of them. Look what a woman has brought me to. I have to suffer death for people getting up in the court house and perjuring themselves. Take warning of me and pick your company. It is altogether in the company you keep, and you will find out that you will get through the world better if you pick your company.

A friend in need is a friend indeed. I will say that if Forrest Lang had been brother to me he could not have treated me any better. There was nothing in his power that I asked him to do for me but what he did.

I am to hang dead by the neck in a few days, to which I was sentenced by the June term of Court. I did not kill Josie Tillman with the intention of killing her, but the Commonwealth of Kentucky found me guilty and fixed my punishment at death. I am thankful to my lawyer, Mr. Webb, for what he has done for me. I think he has done his duty in every respect. I am also thankful to Gov. W. O. Bradley for what he has done, and would like for him to do more if he will.

I have done nothing to die for but it must I will this should be a lesson to the younger people who are conducting themselves disorderly in the communities in which they live. I have led the wrong kind of a life from the beginning and I am sorry for the country to know of it. There are lots of things I have done in life I don't want the public to know of because of its disgrace.

I have found no peace with my Maker and don't think there is any place in Heaven for me. I have appealed to the Supreme Being but it was all in vain. I guess the devil has got the bill of sale for me. I am so corrupt I don't want to hear a prayer from the mouth of any one and I am not anxious to see anyone except some that belongs in jail.

I suppose that my sentence will be executed December 11th. Now I truly hope the boys of this community and elsewhere who are standing in open ruin will take warning from my case, and never be guilty of any crime in the least. Also use this as a lesson and it will guide them right.

CLARENCE WILLIAMS.

Story of The Crime.

The crime for which Clarence Williams was executed, was committed on Wednesday, March 22d, 1899, in Claysville, which has added so many murders to the criminal history of Paris.

Williams and Josie Tillman, who had been keeping company since January, were standing in a doorway talking, when some person on the other side of the street called to the girl to come over. She left Williams, who called to her as she reached the middle of the street asking her to come back to him. In stead of coming back she started to run, when Williams pulled his pistol and

(Continued on page 8)



PURE NORTHERN
WHITE SEED RYE.
TIMOTHY AND CLOVER
SEED.
CORN, OATS, HAY.
CEMENT, SAND, LIME,
HARTFORD CITY,
KANAWHA
AND DIAMOND SALT.

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When a householder purchases our celebrated MOUNTAIN
ASH JELlico COAL, it requires no effort on our part to re-
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grate fire will look cheerful THANKSGIVING TIME.

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They repeat to you the sweet voices of famous sing-
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bands and orchestras.

Call and see them. All price machines in stock.

Records 50 Cents Each. Five Dollars per Doz.
W. M. HINTON JR., & BRO.,
At W. M. Hinton's Jewelry Store.

SIT DOWN.

And make out your list of Thanksgiving Eatables from this
list of good things.

Choice Turkeys.

HEINZ'S FAMOUS MINCE MEAT

"Apple Butter.

"Sweet Pickles.

"Sour Pickles.

Grape Nuts.

New Hominy.

Dried Butter Beans.

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Macaroni.

My Soup and Frying Oysters will come direct
from Baltimore Thanksgiving morning.

Phone 178. RION'S 10th St. Grocery.

YOU'RE A CRANK,

According to some people, if you are at all particular about the fit and looks of your Shoes—see you know what you want, they don't. We like to get hold of just such customers. They appreciate shoes that fit comfortably, stylishly and lastingly—and our new Fall styles are strictly up to date, fitting every requirement. Compare our styles and prices with those of others, and we leave the conclusion to you.

DAVIS, THOMSON & ISGRIG.

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With a view of engaging in other business, I offer a splendid
chance to party desiring to engage in business. I will sell
as a whole my entire stock; consisting of

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Pending the sale of the above, I am offering at cost a fine line of

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This is your chance. Improve it.

H. S. STOUT.

DOW & SPEARS are not the

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Who sell fancy groceries

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Some of their best bargains are

Pleasing hundreds of patrons.

Every bit of their stock is

Always fresh and wholesome.

Ring them up when you want

Something good to eat.

DOW & SPEARS.

TAYLOR GETS IT.

His Certificate of Election Signed by Two Election Commissioners.

For the Time Being Is Ended One of the Most Bitterly Contested Gubernatorial Campaigns in the State.

Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 10.—At 9:45 Saturday morning the election certificate of William S. Taylor was signed by the election commissioners and he was declared to be the governor-elect of Kentucky.

The official figures of the vote filed with Secretary of State Finley are: Taylor, 193,714; Goebel, 191,321; Taylor's plurality, 2,383. The operation which ended, for the time being at least, the bitterly fought gubernatorial contest, was conducted in the simplest manner. The majority opinion of Commissioners Pryor and Ellis and the minority opinion of Commissioner Poynett, which were published Saturday morning, were not read, as was the original intention. The three commissioners walked first to the office of the clerk of the state supreme court, where they filed two opinions. They then passed into the office of the secretary of state. Clerk Chenault of the board of commissioners read the figures showing that the republican candidates for offices on the state ticket had received the largest number of votes and then certificates of election were signed at once, that of Mr. Taylor being first on the list. There were only 14 people in the room at the time, and of this number only two were there as idle spectators.

There was no crowd around the building and no interest manifested in the work save by those engaged in it and those who stood looking on.

The certificates as soon as signed were filed with the secretary of state and certificates will be issued to the elected men at once by Gov. Bradley.

Late Friday night, when the decision had gone forth to the public, Commissioner Ellis, upon whose shoulders the greatest part of the work of preparing the opinion had fallen, discussed the matter freely.

"This has been a hard thing for me," he said, his eyes inflamed by loss of sleep and the heavy lines in his face bearing eloquent witness to the truth of his statement. "It has been a hard thing for all of us. I wish, however, that all the people of the country knew how nobly Judge Pryor has acted in this matter, and how conscientiously he has done what he considered his duty. He is a great man, one of the greatest, in my opinion, that Kentucky has ever produced, and I am sure his conduct in this case has been another piece of his long and honorable career as a public officer. Speaking for myself," continued Mr. Ellis, "I say frankly I did not like to do this thing, but under the law and the evidence there is nothing else I can do, and be an honest man. Why, I was an original Goebel man. I was a Goebel man long before he received the nomination, and I am a Goebel man now. I can go beyond that and say I am a Goebel partisan. I have always been a partisan in politics, a rank partisan, and it would give me greater pleasure than I can express to be able to declare for the democrats in this thing, but I can't do it. The proceedings before the board were so overwhelmingly in favor of the republicans and they had so much the best of the arguments that it is almost idle to discuss the affair. There was, to the minds of Judge Pryor and myself, only one thing to do, and that we have done. I know there are plenty of men who think that, strong democratic partisan as I have always been, I should have remained a democratic partisan and voted otherwise. How can I do that? How can I commit such a rape on my reputation and conscience as that. Viewed from the legal standpoint, which in things like this is the only standpoint, I have done what my conscience and my long career as a lawyer tell me is right, and I will do otherwise for no man nor upon any consideration."

The statements made by Mr. Ellis have been upheld by his conduct from first to last throughout the canvass. He did all of the questioning of the attorneys and seemed at every stage to be most anxious to obtain the truth impartial to both sides. Mr. Goebel was apparently in the best of humor after being told that Mr. Taylor's certificate had been signed.

Commissioner Poynett declined to sign the republican certificates of election, saying that he stood by the opinion he had rendered, and could not consistently do so. He consented to sign the certificates of the railroad commissioners, however.

Wants A Viceroy Degraded.

Pekin, Dec. 11.—The French government has formally demanded the degradation of the viceroy of Canton, because the order to execute the Chinese magistrate, who was responsible for the murder of the French officers at Montao, has not been carried out.

American Federation of Labor.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 11.—Nearly all of the 180 delegates to the American Federation of Labor convention Sunday night presented their credentials at headquarters. Many unofficial visitors have arrived, among them representatives of the bartenders' union and others who desire to obtain full membership.

Landscape Artist Dead.

Middletown, Ct., Dec. 11.—John A. Sumner, a landscape artist, formerly of St. Louis, died suddenly Sunday, aged 74 years.

GEN. ALEJANDRINO.

He With His Staff, It Is Reported, Has Surrendered—Insurgent Camp Captured.

Manila, Dec. 11.—An expedition, headed by the battleship Oregon, left Manila for Subic Saturday night. It is reported that the Filipino commander, Gen. Alejandrino, with his staff, has surrendered to Gen. McArthur, and there is also a rumor that Alejandrino is at Aguilar, suffering from a wound received in a fight between insurgents and bandits, and that he will be given an opportunity to surrender, and will be properly cared for.

Maj. Spence, with a column of the 32d regiment, captured a new insurgent camp, an uncompleted stronghold in the Tassan district. He left Dinalupan at daybreak Saturday morning, and marched 10 miles along mountain trails, finally encountering a large band of insurgents, who surrendered after a brief skirmish. The Americans had no losses.

The records of the treasury of the so-called Filipino government, together with a quantity of paper money and another Nordenfelt, have been found at Mangatarem.

Three Americans, who, with a commissary sergeant of the 12th infantry, were traveling from San Fernando to Angeles, left their escort for a moment and went into the bush. As they did not return speedily, a search was made for them but they could not be found. They were probably captured by the rebels.

A mail orderly disappeared between Angeles and Bamban. He also is supposed to have been captured.

A force of 100 insurgents Saturday attacked, near Biliuag, a wagon train escorted by 30 men of the 16th infantry. A sharp engagement followed. The insurgents lost 18 killed and nine captured. During the recent attack by the insurgents upon Vigan, the Filipinos obtained possession of the plaza and of a church in the center of the town, from which the Americans dislodged them. It seems that the escaped Spaniards obtained guns and fought with the Americans against the insurgents.

DEPARTMENT STORES.

John Wanamaker testifies Before the Industrial Commission That They Are Beneficial.

Washington, Dec. 11.—Hon. John Wanamaker Saturday testified before the industrial commission on the subject of department stores. He claimed these stores were beneficial to society, having a substantial economic and moral basis for their existence.

"It is," he continued, "a natural product evolved from conditions that exist, as a result of fixed trade laws. Cheaper capital, better transportation, more rapid communication, make the modern retail store possible, natural and useful; therefore inevitable."

"Economy in the expenditure of money, time and effort measure department store success. Just in proportion as these ends are reached is it popular, powerful and prosperous."

He contended that the effect of the creation of these stores had been to reduce retail prices. In support of this statement he asserted that upon American dry goods generally the retailers' percentage of profits has been reduced one-half during the last 20 years. This was also true upon woolen, silk and cotton fabrics. The total per cent of reduction in price to the consumer could not be stated, owing to the varying standards of qualities and taste, and improvements in manufacture, but Mr. Wanamaker believed that the consumer saves the entire reduction in the retailers' profit. In some articles definite comparisons of prices were made. It could also be stated, he said, that the profits of the great retail stores vary from 3 to 6 per cent on the dollar of business done.

ARIZONIANS Want Statehood.

Phoenix, Ariz., Dec. 10.—An enthusiastic mass meeting was held here Saturday to start a movement to secure statehood at the present session of congress. Men from all parts of Arizona were in attendance and took part. Gov. N. O. Murphy was elected chairman of a committee of 30, which will go to Washington early in January to advocate statehood.

Acquitted of Embezzlement Charge.

San Francisco, Dec. 11.—O. M. Weller, ex-collector of internal revenue, has been acquitted of the charge of embezzlement. This was his third trial. While under indictment Weller fled and enlisted as a private in the army going to Cuba. While on his way to the Philippines he was recognized and arrested.

The Canadian Contingent.

Orange River, Dec. 11.—Half the men of the Canadian contingent have gone forward. Like the Australian contingent they have been put to stiff work since their arrival, and have been building sidings, erecting platforms and rendering the usual routine service. They are in excellent condition and very zealous.

A Ten Per Cent. Raise.

Boston, Dec. 9.—The executive committee of the American Woolen Co. voted Friday to make a general increase of ten per cent. in wages of employees. The increase will affect mills in all sections of New England and will benefit 26,000 hands. The advance will take effect January 1.

Veteran Pastor Resigns.

Cambridge, O., Dec. 11.—Rev. W. H. McFarland, for 40 years pastor of the First United Presbyterian church here, tendered his resignation Sunday, to take effect February 20.

SHORT SESSIONS.

This Week in the Senate Will Not Be a Very Busy One.

The House Will Devote the Week to the Financial Debate on the Currency Bill—Republicans For the Measure.

Washington, Dec. 11.—The week does not promise to be a busy one in the senate, the indication being for routine business and short sessions inside the chamber, with much preparation for future work in the committee rooms. Senator Mason will open the week with a speech on his resolution declaring the sympathy of the country with the Boers in their war with Great Britain. There may be other brief speeches upon this and other questions, though there is a general disposition on the part of senators to postpone speechmaking until after the holidays.

The republican senators generally feel that the most important work for the present is to secure the reorganization of the committees, especially the finance committee, as preliminary to other work.

The finance committee may meet on Tuesday for preliminary consideration of the finance bill, but this is not yet decided upon. The expectation now is that the bill will not be taken up in the senate until after the Christmas holidays. The committee on foreign relations will take up the reciprocity treaties on Wednesday.

The committee on privileges and elections will consider the contests over senatorial seats in a desultory way, but the real work on these will not begin until Saturday, when opposing counsel will be heard in the Quay case.

The house will devote the week entirely to the financial debate on the currency bill. Under the terms of the special order adopted on Friday the general debate will open on Monday immediately after the reading of the journal and continue daily from noon until 5 o'clock Friday. On Saturday the bill will be read paragraph by paragraph for amendment under the five minute rule. The vote will not be taken until the following Monday.

The debate will probably cover a wide range, including general threshing of the campaign issue of 1896 and there may be some stormy incidents.

The republicans are arrayed solidly for the bill, but many of them who have never before advocated the gold standard doubtless will have to take the floor to explain their change of position. On the democratic side some of the members are reported as favoring the bill, but there has been no canvass made as yet, and it remains to be seen how many of them will join the republicans upon the measure. Representative Overstreet (Ind.), who will have charge of the bill on the floor, will make the opening argument in its support Monday.

TERRIFIC EXPONITION.

A Nitro-Glycerine Magazine Blows Up—The Report Heard For Thirty Miles.

Bradford, Pa., Dec. 11.—The nitro-glycerine magazine of the Pennsylvania Torpedo Co., located in Bolivar hollow, one and one-half miles from this city, blew up Sunday with a report that was heard for 30 miles. The shock was felt at Olean, Salamanca, Ellinocottville and other surrounding towns. The magazine was blown to atoms and a hole was made in the earth 15 feet deep by 30 feet in circumference. Trees were torn into splinters at the scene of the explosion and the brick of which the magazine walls were constructed was reduced to reddish powder which covered the snow over a wide area. Much damage was done in this city and vicinity by the breaking of glass, overturning of chimneys, etc. It is not believed any one was killed. An oil stove, fed automatically, is believed to have caused the explosion.

Want Women Sent to Paris.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 10.—The officers of the National Suffrage association, in a business session in this city Friday, forwarded to President McKinley a request to appoint women or a woman on the board of commissioners to the Paris exposition.

The request says: "Since Mrs. Bertha H. Palmer discharged her duties as president of the board of lady managers of the world's fair faithfully and with great credit to all women, the officers of this association ask that she be one of these appointees."

HIGHER LAKE LEVELS.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 11.—George Y. Wisner, chairman of the Deep Water Ways Commission, said Sunday night that the commission's preliminary recommendations in reference to sustaining higher lake levels will be forwarded to the secretary of war Monday. In general terms the commissioners favor, it is understood, a system of dams in the Upper Niagara river.

Confessed To Assault.

Bremen, Dec. 11.—Ernest Grube, who assaulted Herr Bremermann, one of the directors of the German Lloyd Steamship Co., and severely wounded him in the head, confessed Sunday to having previously assaulted four other persons, one of whom he fatally injured.

Went Into Effect Monday.

Fall River, Mass., Dec. 11.—The new wage schedule, giving mill employees of this city an increase in their wages of 10 per cent., went into effect Monday in all the mills of this city.

CONGRESSIONAL.

BILL Introduced in the House Giving a Territorial Form of Government to Hawaii.

Washington, Dec. 9.—Representative Hitt, of Illinois, Friday introduced a bill to provide a territorial form of government for Hawaii. It is similar to the measure reported to the house last year, providing a territorial governor appointed by the president and a legislature of two houses. Mr. Sherman, of New York, introduced a bill authorizing the postmaster general to contract with an American cable company to send official messages to Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan and China, for 20 years, at not to exceed \$400,000 a year.

Other bills are: By Mr. Little (Ark.) to prevent monopolies and trust and for the free coinage of gold and silver; by Mr. Kerr (O.), admitting veterans of the war with Spain to the homes for disabled soldiers; by Mr. Flynn (Okla.), for additional homestead lands to those who participated in the war with Spain or with the Philippines; by Mr. Corliss, for a bridge across the Detroit river at Detroit; by Mr. Hill, authorizing the establishment of national banks in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines; by Mr. McRae (Ark.), extending the contract labor law to Hawaii; by Mr. Rodenbach (Ill.), to create a commission to pass on claims of United States citizens.

Mr. Rodenbach (Ill.), by request, introduced bills granting right of cable connection with Cuba and Porto Rico to the United States and West India Direct Telegraph Co., and to authorize the West Indian Development Co. to acquire franchises, etc., in Cuba and Porto Rico.

Mr. Corliss (Mich.) introduced a bill for the construction of a regulating dam at the foot of Lake Erie for controlling the level of the lake, Detroit river, Lake St. Clair and St. Clair river.

THAT "BULL PEN."

The Charges Growing Out of Presence of Federal Troops in the Idaho Mining Trouble Will Be Investigated.

Washington, Dec. 9.—Representative Lentz, of Ohio, Friday introduced a joint resolution reciting the charges growing out of the presence of United States troops, under Brig. Gen. Merriam, at the centers of mining troubles in Idaho, asking for an investigation by a special committee of nine members, to be appointed by the speaker. The resolution says that it is a matter of general information that United States troops were sent to Idaho in defiance and contrary to the federal constitution at the individual request of the governor when no riot or insurrection existed and without consulting the legislature or the local sheriff.

It is asserted that Gen. Merriam declared martial law and "arbitrarily and without warrant of law arrested hundreds of citizens," and held them under "most brutal and tyrannical conditions." The arrest, it is charged, include many members of the miners union and the local sheriff. It is asserted that many men were imprisoned in a "bull pen," a place unfit for human habitation." Allegation is made that one prisoner became insane from the treatment, and escaping, was shot as he jumped into a river. In another case, it is charged, a dying prisoner was denied spiritual consolation.

Specific acts of cruelty are given, including compulsory standing erect, for seven hours each day in the hot sun, under penalty of death, if attempt was made to move or sit down. It is also alleged that a captain under Gen. Merriam amused himself by calling prisoners "cowardly curs" while these punishments were being inflicted." The resolution also recites that the wives and families of miners were insulted by soldiers, and it is alleged that responsibility for the various actions recited rests with the mining companies of the localities.

ST. LOUIS Wants the Convention.

St. Louis, Dec. 9.—A delegation of prominent St. Louis citizens have been selected to go to Washington next week in an endeavor to secure the next national republican convention. The Coliseum, which will seat about 10,000 persons, will be tendered to the national committee for the use of the convention.

Canned Beef for the British.

Chicago, Dec. 9.—Libby, McNeal & Libby have shipped 750,000 pounds of canned beef to the British army in South Africa. Twenty-four cars were required to carry it and this is the largest shipment of canned beef ever shipped from this city.

RIOTOUS MINERS.

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 9.—At one o'clock Saturday morning a telephone message was received by the police stating that a gang of union car men who are on a strike, were tearing up the track of the Springfield Consolidated railway in Ridgely, a suburb of Springfield. The police were powerless to act in Ridgely and the sheriff sent a posse to the scene.

Samoan Natives Indifferent.

Auckland, N. Z., Dec. 9.—Advices received here from Apia, Samoa, dated November 28, say that the news of the German annexation of the islands, as a result of the Samoan agreement, was received by the natives with apparent indifference.

Boy Confesses Murder.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 9.—Harry Hamberger, the 20-year-old youth arrested on suspicion of being the slayer of John M. Reindel, Friday confessed to the crime. His motive was robbery.

GUNBOATS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

London, Dec. 11.—Two shallow draught river gunboats are being prepared at Chatham for service in South Africa. Each will carry two six pounders, quick firers and four Maxim's.

BRITISH DEFEAT.

They Found the Boers' Position Near Stormberg Impregnable.

In the Battle a Sharp Artillery Duel Took Place—It Was Impossible for the British Infantry to Get At the Boers.

Molteno, Cape Colony, Dec. 11.—Gen. Gatacre left Putter Kraal by train for Molteno, and then proceeded by forced march 12 miles toward Stormberg. He had 2,000 men, including the Northumberland Fusiliers, the Royal Irish Rifles and two batteries of field artillery.

The British were unmolested by the Boers until the Boer position was reached, when a hot fire was unexpectedly opened upon the advancing column.

The engagement began at 4:15 a. m. At 7 a. m., after a sharp artillery duel, the British retired. They are now marching

A BRAVE COWARD

By H. I. Cleveland.

John Sloan was trembling. His face was white, his eyes wandering, while over his skin ran cold and hot flushes. His mother sat by the big window at the west end of the dining room. Mary Carr was at the door, her hand upon the knob. She was speaking to John:

"Of course, if you have got to be made to go, there's no heroism in it. The Tenth Pennsylvania don't want that class of men. But if you love me—if you think anything of the old flag—if you go because you ought to go—why, you can come and say good-by to me to-night."

The latch clicked and she was gone. Sloan looked at the troubled face of his mother and left the house. Mechanically he wandered to the great red barn and the stalls where sleek horses stamped. There he bathed himself.

The Sloan farm in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Juanita river, has been worked for a hundred years by men of the same blood. I think the Irvings, the McClellands, the Curtains, and last the Sloans—all inter-married—have been the possessors of the acreage since the battle of Brandywine. Each generation of this family down to the Sloans had a fighting man in the nation's service.

It is not to be wondered then that the Sloans suffered in their pride to find that they were the first of the race to be without a military representative. John Sloan, their only son, heir to their goodly estates, was a physical coward. He knew it, and so did his gray-haired father and kindly-faced mother.

Morally, he was a clean, wholesome boy. Physically, he was tall, ruddy-faced, well-muscled and more than good looking. Yet it was a matter of horror and shame to him that he feared firearms, dreaded the blow given in friendly contest with other boys, and was in a tremble if bodily harm seemed imminent.

But if the suffering had been a sore trial to him in his earlier days, John Sloan never realized its full agony until following the operations of the American army in Cuba, and the war with Spain there came the call for troops to serve in the Philippines, and the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment was ordered to prepare for service in the field.

The destination of the regiment was Manila. Word had gone out from Pittsburgh that recruits would be accepted by the regiment.

This message reached the settlement about the Sloan farm in the Juanita country.

Several young men promptly came forward and declared they would enlist. The girl that John Sloan loved and wished to be his betrothed—Mary Carr—asked him if he did not intend to join. His answers were evasive. Then she called at the Sloan home and asked him directly to enlist. And it was after this scene that John Sloan fled to the red barn to hide his misery.

A woman's will is stronger than a man's when that man loves the woman.

John Sloan won a partial victory over his fears and decided that he would join the regiment.

At evening time the young man crossed the fields to the Carr homestead. He expected that Mary would be watching for him, but she was not at the gate nor on the front porch. Her mother greeted him with the words:

"We had a sudden telegram from Iowa, John, that Mary's sister was ill, very ill.

Pa hitched up at once and Mary left on the afternoon train. She's gone to Cedar Rapids, cause none of the rest of us could go.

She left this note for you:

"The lines within can like this: 'John, mother will tell you about my hurried going. I have prayed every minute since I left your house that you would see your duty clearly. If when you receive this you have decided to enlist you will know that you have made your best friends very happy and done your duty to your country and the flag, Mary."

It is making a long story rightfully short to say that the next day he left for Pittsburgh, passed through the test of enlistment, was accepted and assigned to company A, of the Tenth Pennsylvania. A letter which his father had written to Col. Hawkins, commander of the regiment, secured him some courtesies he otherwise would not have received.

He wrote to Mary Carr, at Cedar Rapids,

the date his regiment would leave Pittsburgh and its route to San Francisco, and it was after this letter was gone that he was seized with an inspiration. He made his way to his captain and told him frankly that he would like to leave Pittsburgh several days ahead of the regiment and meet it at Cedar Rapids as it traveled west. He said frankly, also, that the reason for his going to Cedar Rapids was a woman. Ten hours later he was on his way to Chicago, dressed in his regimentals, and marked by all who observed him as a recruit for the Philippines.

His peace of mind did not increase as the North-Western carried him from Chicago to Cedar Rapids, across the Mississippi into the fertile fields of Iowa.

It is not necessary to go into the details of Sloan's meeting with Mary Carr, nor the inevitable pleading on his part that before he left she would give him her plighted word. When the moment of final separation was at hand, she said to him:

"You know, and I know, that I care for you—how much it is not necessary to tell. Let the way you do your duty at the front prove to me how much or how little I am to care for you in the future. I am not sending you to greatness, but, oh, John, I want you to come back a proven man, and—
the day you do I will give you my final answer. Go, now, and God be with you, till we meet again."

Sloan joined his regiment, crossed with them the historic Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads, and came at last to the Presidio at San Francisco, where the regiment was stationed for a short time.

The sailing was on June 15, and as the transport passed out of the Golden Gate on her long journey to the orient, he leaned over the rail of the troop deck until the lad had entirely faded from sight, sick at heart, unmanned, a pitiable object to himself if not to his companions. One of them threw his arms about the neck of Sloan and sang out in gleeful tone:

"Then stand to your glasses steady
And drink to your comrade's eyes,
Here's a cup for the dead and the dying,
Hurrah for the next one that dies!"

Sloan shuddered, broke away, and hid in his bunk. Overhead was Col. Hawkins, Barnett, Maj. Cutlibertson, the gentle chaplain, Hunter, and other heroic leaders. And although Sloan did not know it then, there was one captain above whose thought was upon him, and whom he was to learn to call "My Captain" to the end of his days.

This captain earned his effects, letter from John Sloan's father in which were the lines:

"My boy is going to battle in your command. Years ago your father and my brother went to battle as comrades, and in the heat of conflict your father fell, wounded. My brother carried him to a place of safety,

and in the end nursed him back to strength. I ask you to care for my boy as one of mine once did for yours. He is a good lad, but he needs a friend now as he never did before."

And this was the reason why, after the transport had cleared Honolulu and was on the last tack for Manila, that John Sloan found himself detached from his company and on duty in the officers' quarters, where, much to his surprise, a certain captain often spoke kindly to him and gave him encouragement.

"I have watched you enough, Sloan, to know that you are mortally afraid of what we are going into. You are a bundle of nonsensical nerves; but whatever is going to happen when we are on shore, remember this, Sloan, don't run."

Men pray even in these hard days, and John Sloan prayed that night for strength, prayed as only man can who knows that he is a coward, yet is determined to fight to the end. In the morning, while looking over his kit, he came across a North-Western railroad folder, which was the only one remaining of several he had provided himself with when starting from home, and somehow it gave him cheer and comfort to read the old familiar names in the states, and to know that back there many were thinking and living for him.

The landing was rough. Their transport had passed up the harbor by the Olympia, the Raleigh, the Boston, flags flying, bands playing, and the great admiral on his bridge bowing and raising his hat as the troops cheered, which had come to his aid. Even Sloan forgot his fidgets, and waved his cap high in the air, and yelled:

"Hurrah, Dewey!" Manila was still in the hands of the Spanish. Aguinid was seeking to secure recognition from the United States, and at the same time to capture Manila and loot the city. Dewey was holding the insurgents in check and preparing to take the city. The Tenth Pennsylvania was landed at Cavite, and then marched to the trenches at Malate, the great Spanish outposts. Active service was commenced at once. The first duty that came to Sloan after the regiment was in the trenches was that of picket. His post was on the edge of a thicket, scarce a mile from the Spanish line. The tropical rains had commenced, and the fever was already upon some of the men. He was given particular instructions to watch out for a surprise, the Spaniards having displayed great activity during the day along the front of their line.

Wrapped in his rough weather coat, holding his gun underneath it to keep it dry, Sloan paced up and down his post, splashing in the water, wondering at the brilliancy of the lightning, and shivering in dread anticipation of trouble. A flash of lightning showed him figures on the plain, in front of him, moving toward him.

Only the enemy could come from that direction. Sloan stood still as if wedged to the ground. His hair rose on end. He yelled and fired in the direction of the advancing foe.

Strange, is it not, that that shot—fired by John Sloan, coward—gave to the American army its notice of the advance of the Spaniards at Malate, defeated the enemy, and made a hero of a trembling, frightened, half-boy, half man!

Sloan, after firing, ran back towards his own lines and stumbled, or fell at the feet of that captain who had first encouraged him to do his duty. He jumped up out of the slush, saturated, and was ordered to take position with his company. Twice during the battle did Sloan have the wildest desire to run. But as it has done many times before in the world's history, that name "Mary" held him to his place and duty. When morning came and it was realized that American pluck and valor had won the day, it was Sloan's captain, who, sending for him, said:

"You knew your duty last night. You have placed yourself in line for promotion. The colonel knows of your service as picket."

Then, out of the boy's heart rushed all those years of misery and doubt; all those unnamed fears that held manhood back and kept him the child. There came messages from far-away home. At the end of his mother's letter there was a penicil line:

"The Dodd boys have written home of your bravery at Malate. We hear you may be promoted. Keep up, John. Mary Carr."

That kind of a love letter would not satisfy all men, but it did satisfy John Sloan, who tucked it away in his blouse and read it many times in the days to come. He would sit in the shade of his tent, read the short lines from Mary Carr over, draw out his North-Western railroad folder, and on the ground work out the topographical map of the long range of country from the Golden Gate to the Juanita region.

Other soldiers came to watch his self-appointed task. Some suggested the outlines of the Missouri valley, others the location of Annes and Clinton, still others the topographical building of that beautiful sweep of Illinois from Clinton to Chicago. The little time table and folder from which they drew their general plan was preserved as though priceless in intrinsic value. Nostalgia, that dread disease of all armies called in the German "Heimweh," in English "Homesickness"—was fought off with this strip of printed paper and these rough tracings on the face of the earth, time and time again.

There was not much soldiering to be done after the July fight until late in December. Hostilities with the insurgents commenced shortly afterwards, and by February real war was again raging on the island of Luzon. The day and the night of February 4 will be remembered by Sloan so long as he lives.

During the day of February 4 insurgents kept creeping up on the American outposts, and there was desultory firing. That night Sloan was stationed on picket duty, perhaps 200 yards from a Chinese hospital in which were several hundred Filipinos. The oppressive darkness of an oriental evening had already settled down when a number of these insurgents attacked the American lines or outposts at the point where Sloan was placed. At the first scattering volley that apprised him he was under fire, he ran like a madman toward his own lines. There was a ditch to cross, and in the brush of its bottom was a barbed wire. Becoming entangled in this he fell and stunned himself, while his regiment, coming to the front, passed over him, and men of the hospital corps picking him up for wounded sent him to the rear. There it was quickly discovered that with the exception of a cut on his head from the fall, Sloan was uninjured, and he was ordered back to the front.

"Then stand to your glasses steady
And drink to your comrade's eyes,
Here's a cup for the dead and the dying,
Hurrah for the next one that dies!"

Sloan shuddered, broke away, and hid in his bunk. Overhead was Col. Hawkins, Barnett, Maj. Cutlibertson, the gentle chaplain, Hunter, and other heroic leaders. And although Sloan did not know it then, there was one captain above whose thought was upon him, and whom he was to learn to call "My Captain" to the end of his days.

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"My boy is going to battle in your command. Years ago your father and my brother went to battle as comrades, and in the heat of conflict your father fell, wounded. My brother carried him to a place of safety,

and the line of American boys swept forward, first very slowly, then, gaining momentum, increasing the speed until it was a mad rush, and every man on his metal to reach the hospital first. Shots were popping from it, men were falling, Landis went down and others, but the rush never stopped.

But the maddest of all sights was John Sloan, hatless, far beyond his own line, running like a hare for the hospital, gun well up but never firing a shot. Officers yelled in astonishment as he ran by them, privates envying him his gait, shouted in encouragement. He was a stimulant to the entire line—this coward from the Juanita country.

He was in front of the walled church now, eager to fight his way in. Men were yelling on all sides of him, and there was the snap of flames in the thatch. Suddenly the earth seemed to slip away from him, his head whirled, he threw up his arms, and went down, wounded. Sloan had given his blood in atonement for his cowardice, and no man can do more than that. When his senses returned to him he was in the field hospital, and his left shoulder done up in bandages. There he remained until March, receiving from home many kind letters, but none so dear as the one which ran like this:

"I know all about what you did; everybody is talking of your bravery; if you were here I would tell you, John, what I think of you; do, come home. MARY CARR."

But John Sloan was yet to fight at Malolos, to cross a Filipino river under fire with Fenston the men swimming side by side, to be with the Utah battery, the Thirteenth Minnesota, the men from Oregon and Nebraska, and when Malolos was taken he was to fall in the middle of its main streets, shot again as he held the colors high for the cheer of his comrades. It was then he was taken back to Manila as Sgt. Sloan, of the Tenth, and unred until such strength came back as enabled him to return to the dear old railroad folder and with pencil and paper this time map out the long journey home from the Golden Gate over the Union Pacific and the North-Western to the Juanita country.

The Tenth came into Manila to relieve the Fifty-first Iowa at Cavite, and there to it came the glad news that it was ordered home and would go as soon as the transport was ready. The gallant regiment had been 69 days on the firing line, and made a wonderful record for bravery. The latter part of June the men went on board ship, and late in July reached San Francisco, bringing into the Golden Gate the body of Col. Hawkins, who had died en route.

The Union Pacific and North-Western brought them over the Sierras, through the Rockies, across the plains of the Platte and safely to Chicago. A little later they were in Pittsburgh, where royal greeting awaited them. But Sloan could not wait for this, and hastened to the home of Mary Carr.

John was at the foot of a small hill, when, looking up the path to the summit, he saw her coming. For a moment she did not see him, but paused to gather a flower by the way. Then he walked up toward her, one hand outstretched. Now she recognized him, and there was a flame in the hazel eyes, and flame on the soft cheeks, and the quick, heart-giving cry of: "John!"

He was by her side now, the white hand of the maiden caught in the brown of the soldier.

"I have come," he said, all the old fears gone, "long way—to tell you that I am no longer afraid—I have done my duty." This with a touch of pride. "I was often troubled; I did many things I ought not to have done, but I have conquered myself. Mary, Mary, I want you!"

For no hero of war or of peace can there be greater reward than the love of a pure woman. The emoluments of governments or the rewards bestowed by patriotic citizens sink into insignificance beside the giving to a man of a good woman's heart. There came nestling into the hand of John Sloan not one white hand but two, and the face of Mary Carr was lifted to his and her lips given to him.

Then she turned back with him, and the two, thus united after some trial, walked their happy way up to the old farm and the old folks waiting there. Much had Sloan to tell, much to go over and over again—his fighting, his wounds, his myriad experiences in Malaya—but when he had told all he would that night, he brought out the faded North-Western folder, and he tossed it into the lap of Mary Carr, with the words:

"That was a living link with home to us in the field and at Manila—keep it forever; it did much to save me for you."

And, being a woman, she asked him why, and in time he told her this story.

Note.—Upon receipt of six cents in postage stamps, this complete story, in book form, handsomely illustrated, will be mailed to any address by W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

STORY OF QUEEN LIL.

A Moment of Embarrassment at a Reception After She Lost Her Crown.

Young Al Berry, son of Congressman Al Berry, of Kentucky, said a naval officer who was in Honolulu when the Hawaiian flag was replaced by the stars and stripes, was in Honolulu in some kind of official capacity when I was there once, and was on particularly good terms with Queen Liliuokalani and her entire court.

That was a living link with home to us in the field and at Manila—keep it forever; it did much to save me for you."

Four through trains a day. Best Line to TOLEDO AND DETROIT.

Four elegant through trains a day, with Parlor, Dining and Sleeping cars.

Ask for tickets via this line.

D. G. EDWARDS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Cincinnati, O.

TO CINCINNATI, HAMILTON & DAYTON RY.

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Direct Line From CINCINNATI To

THE BOURBON NEWS.

Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

WALTER CHAMP, *Editor and Owner*,
SWIFT CHAMP, *Editor and Owner*.Make all Checks, Money Orders, etc.,
payable to the order of CHAMP & BROS.

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Display one dollar per inch for first insertion;
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each insertion. Locals in black type, twenty
cents per line each insertion.Fractions of lines count as full lines when
running at illustrated rates.Obituary, one cent of thanks, calls on candi-
dates, resolutions of respect and matter of a
like nature, ten cents per line.Special rates given for large advertisements
and yearly cards.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS:
JUNE W. GAYLE,
of Owen County.

MILLERSBURG.

News Notes Gathered in and About The
Burg.McIntyre & M. Clinton shipped a
car load of mules and horses to Atlanta
Friday. Mr. McIntyre followed them
Monday.Mr. Walter Stirman returned Friday
from Indiana where he spent the sum-
mer with his sister.Dr. Garrett Judy, of Bethel, was the
guest of relatives here Saturday to yes-
terday.Mr. and Mrs. Richard Whittaker, of
Harrison and H. B. Wright of Pendleton,
are guests of Rev. Wright and family. Mrs. I. N. Wright is still very
low.Bert McClintock sold Gentry Bros.
of Lexington, thirteen broke mules,
and bought twelve cotton mules from
Jos. Kirk, of Mason.Mr. T. E. Savage, as administrator of
Robt. Savage, got judgment against
the Manhattan Life Ins., Co. of N. Y.,
for \$1,000 and interest, in the Bourbon
Circuit Court.Mrs. Dedie Taylor and daughter
Mary returned Monday to Midway.Miss Katie Savage returned Saturday
after a visit with her aunt, Mrs. Wm.
Hinton, in Covington.Wm. Judy sold seven hogsheads of
tobacco for James Gregg, at \$1.75.The jail has been moved from the
Puclic Square to the street near Car-
penter's stable.The young men of the Baptist Church
will give an oyster supper in the
Masonic Hall on Saturday the 23d.Mrs. C. M. Best's elocution class
will give an entertainment at M. T. S.
building Friday evening. Admission
ten cents.Miss Mary Dickerson, of Lexington,
and Miss May Barnes, of Nicholasville,
are guests of Mrs. Robt. Barnes.Miss Lilly Barnes, of Mt. Sterling, is
the guest of friends here.Judge W. M. Purnell and wife, of
Paris, spend Sunday night with T. M.
Purnell and family.Prof. Yerkes, of Paris, walked down
Saturday and returned home on even-
ing train.Dr. Julius Purnell visited his mother,
Mrs. A. T. Forsyth, in Paris Saturday
to yesterday.Mr. F. B. Vinton and bride returned
Saturday from a trip to Washington
City and other Eastern cities.C. W. McIntyre, of Columbus, O., is
the guest of relatives here.Take your laundry to J. Will Clark,
agent for Bourbon Steam Laundry.
All repairs free. Work guaranteed.Mr. Thos. Steele, aged seventy-nine,
died Saturday night at his home near
Steele's Ford, and was buried Monday
at the cemetery here. The pall-bearers
were Robt. Thompson, Jas. Thorn,
Mart Bowles, John T. Marshall, W. J.
Gregor, W. J. Peterson.The suit of the local college board vs.
Prof. C. M. Best was thrown out of
Court last week at Paris.

TURKEYS.

We will commence to receive
Turkeys again on Nov. 27th, and
will continue receiving at market
prices until Dec. 15th.

C. S. BRENT & BRO.

STYLISH shoes that fit comfortable
and are worth the price can always be
found at Davia, Thomson & Isgrig's.
Nothing more useful for a holiday
present. Take a look whether you buy
or not.

CHRISTMAS.

Do you realize its nearness? Only ten more
business days. Make your purchases early in
Men's and Boys' Clothing, Hats, Caps, Etc.The swellest line of Neckwear and Handker-
chiefs in town. The Brand New Muffler for both
Ladies and Men.

Your Money Back On Demand.

PARKER & JAMES,

Fourth and Main Sts., Paris, Ky.

EXCURSION RATES TO Frankfort.
On account of the inauguration of
Governor, the Frankfort & Cincinnati
Railway will sell tickets from Paris to
Frankfort and return on December 10th
and 11th, good returning on the 12th, at
\$1.20—one fare for the round-trip.SELECT your holiday presents early
and have it off your mind. Clarke &
Kenney have a fine line of perfumes,
pocket books, gold pens, mirrors, combs
and brushes, albums, etc.NEW Maple Syrup in bulk 25c. per
quart. SALOSHIN & CO.

L. & N. Reduced Rates.

THE L. & N. will sell tickets from
Paris to Frankfort at one fare (\$1.20) for
the round trip next Monday and Tues-
day, December 11th and 12th, on ac-
count of the inauguration of Governor
Round trip ticket to Memphis at one
fare plus \$2 membership fee on
account of the Southern Educational
Association, December 25th and 26th,
final limit January 8th.OYSTERS 25 cents a quart at Geo. N.
Parris'.MENNE'S and Rhinehart & Newton's
fine candy—in box or bulk—at forty
cents per pound, good enough for most
anybody. DOW & SPEARS.BUTTER scotch syrup—best in town—
at Prather's.ALLIGRETTI'S, Peebles', Plows' (St.
Louis), and Lowney's fine candies—none
better—always fresh, at Dow Spears'.LADIES will find rare bargains in golf
hats, sailors and walking hats, at Mrs.
Chorne Watson's during December.
They go at less than cost. Ladies who
wish these hats will find them desirable
at these prices. (dec29)BUY something useful for holiday
presents. Clarke & Kenney have gold
pens, exquisite perfumes, fine leather
goods, cigars, pipes, stationery, combs
and brushes, and other useful gifts.My agency insures against fire,
wind and storm—best old reliable,
prompt paying companies—non-
union W. O. HINTON, AgentMY Mountain Ash oilico is by far
the best semi-cannel ever mined. I am
the agent in Paris for this celebrated
coal and my prices for it are no higher—
they are just what you will have to pay
for other Jellico. Geo. W. Stuart, di-
rectly opposite L. & N. freight depot.My agency insures against fire,
wind and storm—best old reliable,
prompt paying companies—non-
union W. O. HINTON, AgentSHELLED corn and oats for sale by the
wagon or car load. GEO. W. STUART.BURNHAMS Clam Chowder 10 cts. per
can. SALOSHIN & CO.THANKSGIVING goodies of every de-
scription can be found at Geo. N. Parris'.TRY H. O. Pancake Flour. L. Salo-
shin & Co.THE Bourbon Steam Laundry,
having secured office room at
Parker & James' corner Fourth
and Main, will locate their main
office at that place. Phone No.
4. All calls or bundles entrusted
to them will receive prompt at-
tention."One Minute Cough Cure" is the best
remedy I ever used for coughs and
colds. It is unequalled for whooping
cough. Children all like it," writes H.
N. Williams, Gentryville Ind. Never
fails. It is the only harmless remedy
that gives immediate results. Cures
coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup, pen-
umonia, bronchitis and all throat and
lung trouble. It easily prevents
consumption. W. T. Brooks,Twentieth century chocolates are the
best in the world—at Prather's.

Free of Charge.

Any adult suffering from a cold settled
on the breast, bronchitis, throat or lung
troubles of any nature, who will call at
J. A. Wilson's, will be presented with a
sample bottle of Boschee's German
Syrup, free of charge. Only one bottle
given to one person, and none to chil-
dren without order from parents.No throat or lung remedy ever had
such sale as Boschee's German Syrup
in all parts of the civilized world.
Twenty years ago millions of bottles
were given away, and your druggist will
tell you its success was marvelous. It is
really the only Throat and Lung Remedy
generally endorsed by physicians.One 75 cent bottle will cure or prove its
value. Sold by dealers in all civilized
countries. Oct-27-1No throat or lung remedy ever had
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countries. Oct-27-1No throat or lung remedy ever had
such sale as Boschee's German Syrup
in all parts of the civilized world.
Twenty years ago millions of bottles
were given away, and your druggist will
tell you its success was marvelous. It is
really the only Throat and Lung Remedy
generally endorsed by physicians.One 75 cent bottle will cure or prove its
value. Sold by dealers in all civilized
countries. Oct-27-1

Can You Believe Your Eyes?

IF SO, STOP IN AND SEE THE

WONDERFUL BARGAINS

I AM GIVING IN

EATABLES FOR CHRISTMAS!

No Stale Goods, But Everything
Fresh, Clean and Neat.

And Do Not Forget That

Lowney's Chocolate Bonbons

Are the Best Made.

GEO. N. PARRIS,

THE PEOPLE'S GROCER.

PRATHER'S,

431 Main Street.

Is the place to select your good things for Xmas because I have the
largest and best stock of candies, from 8cts. to 75 cts. per pound.
Raisins from 12½ to 30cts., Figs in several style packages 15 to 25c per
pound, Dates 8½ and 10c per pound, Oranges 30c to 50c per doz.
Malaga Grapes 20c to 30c per lb. Bananas 20c and 25c per doz., Plum
Puddings 15c to 50c, Black Cake, home made, 40c per cut, Crystallized
Orange Peel Cake and Fruit Puddings. In so short a space I cannot
enumerate only a very small list of goods, and I shall ask you to call
and look over my elaborate stock. I have the best that you will find
and my stock is large, thus enabling you to find just what you want.
I will make very low prices to church and school entertainments in
Candies Nuts and Fruits.

FRANK & CO.

Leaders in Style and Fashion.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

WE WILL OFFER ALL

Ladies' Separate Skirts,

Ladies' Tailor Suits,

At Greatly Reduced Prices.

We Guarantee a Fit.

All Garments Altered

Without Extra Cost.

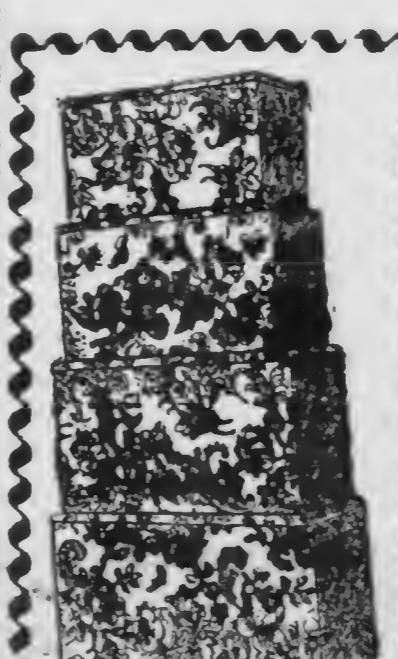
CLOAKS AND FURS

For Ladies, Misses and
Children.

Frank & Co.

404 MAIN STREET, PARIS, KY.

DID YOU STOP TO THINK

That Xmas is very near? Well it is, and we
would like also to tell you that we are prepared
to show you the finest and most complete line
of Holiday Goods ever shown in Kentucky.

SHOE BOXES

Are so useful. Yes,
and they are orna-
mental too.

Come and See Them.

We have a fine

line of

BRASS AND WHITE

ENAMEL

BEDS.

Always glad to show our line of house
furnishings. Call and see us.Undertaking in all its branches.
Embalming scientifically attend-
ed to. Carriages for hire.Furniture repaired. Household
goods moved. WOOD MANTELS
and TILINGS always on hand.

TELEPHONE NO. 36.

NIGHT PHONE 22 OR 56.

J. T. HINTON.

L. Saloshin & Co.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.]

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

[Payable in Advance.]

One year.....\$2.00; Six months.....\$1.00

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & BRO.

TURKEYS.

We will commence to receive Turkeys again on Nov 27th. and will continue receiving at market prices until Dec 15th.

C. S. BRENT & BRO.

E. F. SRSARS & SONS have had and still have the exclusive agency for North Jellico coal. Try it.

A FULL line of silk and linen handkerchiefs. PARKER & JAMES.

JARDINIERES.—J. T. Hinton has prettiest line of jardineres in Paris. They make nice presents.

NEXT Sunday will be the one hundredth anniversary of the death of George Washington.

THE L. & N. pay car will be here Thursday to distribute Christmas money among its employees.

Old Scotch and Irish Whiskies. Fee & Son.

Why not a House Coat or Smoking Jacket for present—all the new things in them.

J. W. DAVIS & CO.

HON. JUNE GAYLE, the next Congressman from the Ashland district, was in the city Saturday in the interest of his candidacy.

PARKER & JAMES have a full line of Christmas goods.

GIVE a nice hat for a Christmas present. PARKER & JAMES.

We have a beautiful line of suspenders. PARKER & JAMES.

DESKS.—Ladies desks in profusion at J. T. Hinton's. Buy one now.

A dispatch from Louisville says that Judge Pryor has resigned as an Election Commissioner.

RED RAVEN SPLITS. Fee & Son.

HEHRY WARE, of Frankfort, formerly of this county, has announced as a candidate for the position of Assistant Clerk of the lower house in the Kentucky Legislature.

WE sell the genuine Edison Phonograph. All pieces in stock. Large assortment of the best records always on hand. W. M. Hinton Jr & Bro., at W. M. Hinton's Jewelry store.

JOHN S. SMITH of this city, Prof. C. M. Best, of Millersburg, and Rev. H. B. Clark, of Mt. Sterling, were judges Friday night in the oratorical contest at Richmond. H. A. Powell, Pine Bluff, Ark., representing Central University, won the contest. His subject was "One Niche The Highest."

COOK'S FLAKE RICE 10 cts per Carton. Fee & Son.

BOOK-CASES.—Give your husband a nice desk or book-case for his office. J. T. Hinton is showing an elegant line.

KNOX IS THE KING OF HATS. We are sole agents for Knox.

J. W. DAVIS & CO.

Ayette Buckner and Catesby Spears have returned from a hunting trip in Oklahoma and Kansas. They had fair success, bagging a number of quail, a few prairie chickens and wild turkeys.

FRESH Cheese Straws and Saratoga Chips. Fee & Son.

SHAVING GLASSES.—Does your husband or brother shave himself? Give him one of those shaving glasses at J. T. Hinton's.

THE will of Mrs. Susan Barbee was offered yesterday for probate before Judge Purnell. All of her cattle are bequeathed to her husband, J. F. Barbee, and her household effects, etc., to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John F. Barbee. The balance of her property, including a fine farm, is willed to her son, John F. Barbee, who is named as executor without bond.

CAN'T MISS IT.—You can not miss it when you buy your Christmas presents at J. T. Hinton's.

4.05 buys bbl. Climax Patent flour at Fee & Son's.

Thirty hogsheads of tobacco belonging to Miss Ella Stoker, of this city, were sold in Cincinnati last week from \$11.50 to \$4.05. J. L. Tarley, of Bourbon, sold three at \$9.85, \$8.30 and \$5.80, and E. D. Brown sold four at \$12.50 to \$8.00.

CHAIRS.—Chairs and rockers of every description, at J. T. Hinton's.

The ladies of the Methodist Church will open their bazaar next Tuesday, the 19th, in the storeroom in the old Thurston Hotel building. They will have a large line of articles suitable for holiday presents, and a display of dress dolls. Lunch will be served on each day, and on Saturday they will have a cake sale. Leave your order for cakes or any table delicacy you may desire.

Lashbrook Leaves Mason.

Over one thousand persons, from four counties, attended the sale near Maysville of the household furniture, farming implements and stock of all kinds belonging to James Lashbrook, whose wife was murdered by Dick Coleman, the negro burned by a mob at Maysville last Wednesday. Lashbrook has rented his farm and will make his future home among relatives in Fleming County. He could no longer endure the scenes that were reminders of the horrible murder of his wife.

DRESSING TABLES.—Any lady without a dressing table would appreciate one for a Christmas present. J. T. Hinton has a nice line.

Inaugural Ceremonies.

Governor-elect Taylor, who received his certificate of election Saturday, will be inaugurated to-day at Frankfort with simple ceremonies. The addresses of Gov. Taylor and Gov. Bradley will be delivered from a stand in front of the capital. There will be no military companies, possibly excepting the Frankfort company, in the parade. The inaugural ball will be held to-night at the Capital Hotel.

Quite a number of Paris people will go over to see the ceremonies.

Sam Clay, Rossville and Bowen Whiskies. Fee & Son. 2t

STOOLS.—How about those fancy stools at J. T. Hinton's for Christmas presents?

Buy a Knox, Guyer, Segler, Stetson or Davis Hat for your present—we have them all.

J. W. DAVIS & CO.

FOLDING BEDS.—Almost any housekeeper would like a nice chiffonier or folding bed for a Christmas present. J. T. Hinton is selling lots of them.

The Hanging Extra.

THE NEWS' "Hanging Extra" was eagerly read yesterday by the public. A score of newsboys made things lively with it, selling about five hundred copies in Paris. The account contained a complete history of the crime, execution, etc., and was right up to the minute.

FRENCH MARROWS in Brandy. Fee & Son.

TOYS.—Doll beds and cradles, at J. T. Hinton's.

THE Edison Phonograph reproduces accurately and sweetly the human voice and the best music of famous bands and orchestras. Call and hear them. A full line of machines and records always in stock. An elegant Xmas present for any one, they please all ages. W. M. Hinton, Jr. & Bro., at W. M. Hinton's Jewelry store.

NO TRASH HERE.—Don't buy trash for presents. J. T. Hinton has nothing trashy. See his stock before buying presents.

Circuit Court Proceedings.

The Circuit Court has been occupied since Saturday with the trial of the case of Hulda Pryor vs. J. B. Kennedy. The suit is to set aside the will of Benjamin Harrell who willed about seventy acres of land to J. B. Kennedy to be disposed of and used for benevolent or educational fund. Messrs. E. M. Dickson and John S. Smith are attorneys for the will, and McMillan & Talbott represent the contestants. There are about sixty witnesses subpoenaed in the case. The trial will probably be finished to-day.

The trial of Forest Lang for killing Michael Connally will likely be called to-morrow. It will occupy about a day.

The jury in the case of Thos. E. Savage, Adm., vs. Manhattan Life Insurance Co., returned a verdict of \$1,000 with interest, in favor of the plaintiff. The defendant will take an appeal.

The case against the G. G. White Co., and the Peacock Distilling Co. for failure to report withdrawals, was continued until next term of court.

Sam Johnson was fined \$50 and costs for unlawful shooting and wounding. Ada Colston, colored, arrested for stealing wearing apparel from Mrs. Carl Crawford, Miss Maggie Davis and others, was sent to the penitentiary for one year.

In the case of Grant Byrd vs. J. C. Elgin, the jury found for defendant. The suit was for damages for false arrest.

Jim Dills, colored, was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary for housebreaking.

CHAIRS.—Children's chairs, at J. T. Hinton's.

FINEST Lime Wine, Brandies and whiskies. Fee & Son.

WE sell the genuine Edison Phonograph. All pieces in stock. Large assortment of the best records always on hand. W. M. Hinton Jr. & Bro., at W. M. Hinton's Jewelry store.

COMFORTS.—Do you know anybody that would appreciate a real nice comforter for a Christmas present? J. T. Hinton has the best.

Baltimore oysters and Celery. Fee & Son.

If your present comes from Davis it is right in quality and right in style.

J. W. DAVIS & CO.

THE Edison Phonograph reproduces accurately and sweetly the human voice and the best music of famous bands and orchestras. Call and hear them. A full line of machines and records always in stock. An elegant Xmas present for any one, they please all ages. W. M. Hinton, Jr. & Bro., at W. M. Hinton's Jewelry store.

PICTURES.—The nicest line of pictures ever shown in Paris is now on exhibition at J. T. Hinton's.

CHAIRS.—Chairs and rockers of every description, at J. T. Hinton's.

The ladies of the Methodist Church will open their bazaar next Tuesday, the 19th, in the storeroom in the old Thurston Hotel building. They will have a large line of articles suitable for holiday presents, and a display of dress dolls. Lunch will be served on each day, and on Saturday they will have a cake sale. Leave your order for cakes or any table delicacy you may desire.

Personal Mention.

Mr. John Sturt is quite ill.

Miss Fannie Mann remains quite ill of fever.

Mr. George W. Clay was in Cincinnati last week on a visit.

Miss Chornie Kern left Saturday for a visit in Winchester.

Joshua Ewing, of Bath, is in the city on a visit to relatives.

Miss Sadie Hart left Friday for a visit to friends in Winchester.

Miss Eddie Spears and Margaret Butler have returned from a visit to Miss Marian Wormald, in Maysville.

Mrs. Brice Steele, who has been dangerously ill, was able to be out driving last week.

Mrs. A. S. Jones, of Lomisville, arrived yesterday for a visit to Mrs. A. S. Sturt.

Mrs. Nathan Bayless, Jr., has been dangerously ill of typhoid fever for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Frank, of this city, were registered Friday at the E. Bitt, in Washington.

Mrs. Newton Briney, of Paris, Mo., is visiting relatives near Jacksonville, this county. She was formerly Miss Clandia Castrill.

Mrs. Myra McLean and the Misses Hart, of Henderson, will arrive next week to spend the holidays with Miss Sadie Hart on Duncan Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Henry Clay, Jr., and Miss Nancie Clay left yesterday for a pleasure trip to New York. They will be absent about two weeks.

Mrs. Sallie Pullen has arrived home from Midway where she went to attend the marriage of her niece, Miss Katherine Starks, to Dr. Warren Keene, of Jessamine County.

Mrs. E. M. Dickson will leave next week for Nashville, Tenn., to spend the holidays with her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Dickson, who is attending school at Ward's Seminary.

Dr. Ben Frank came home last week from New York on a business trip. He will be in Paris for a short time, after which he will return to New York, as he has decided to locate permanently in that city. Dr. Frank was present at the opening performance of "Ben Hur" at the Broadway Theatre, and pronounced it grand beyond description.

Paris will be rather gay in a social way during the holidays. The Sufoula Club will start the gayeties with a dance at Odd Fellows Hall on the 25th, and the Jolly Bachelors will give a German at the same hall on the 28th. There will be the usual quota of visitors in the city, and there may be several smaller social functions. A repertoire company will begin a week's engagement at the Grand on Christmas day with a matinee performance of "The Two Orphans."

LAMPS.—Those lamps at J. T. Hinton's are the very things for presents.

NUPTIAL KNOTS

ENGAGEMENTS, ANNOUNCEMENTS AND SOLICITATIONS OF THE MARRIAGE VOWS.

Mr. John C. Wilder, of the L. & N., and Miss Judy Oldson, will be married in Lexington this evening.

COUCHES.—Well, maybe your wife wouldn't like to have one of those nice leather couches at J. T. Hinton's—for a Christmas present?

THEATRICAL AND OTHERWISE

News and Comment of Stage Matters and Other Gossip.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS."

THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN

John Griffith,

(Of Faust Fame,) AS D'ARTAGNAN.

Lavish Scenic Production

Sensational Electrical Effects.

PRICES, 25, 50, 75, \$1

Seats on sale at Borland's Tuesday Morning.

Colin Aerator Treatment.

Guaranteed Cure for Catarrh, Asthma,

Hay Fever, Bronchitis, etc. Endorsed

by prominent people of Paris.

F. P. CLAY, JR., Agent,

Paris, Ky.

BUCK STRAYED.

Strayed about two weeks ago from

Bradeshaw's brickyard, a Southdown

Buck, two or three years old. Any in-

formation regarding same will be thank-

fully received.

H. C. HUTCHCRAFT,

Paris, Ky.

Stockholders' Meeting.

The stockholders of the Agricultural

Bank will meet at the Bank on the first

Monday in January, 1900, to elect Di-

rectors for the ensuing year.

HENRY SPEARS, President.

LIME!

If you want pure white lime leave

your orders at my office on Main street.

All orders promptly attended.

JACOB SCHWARTZ.

Ewes For Sale.</p

THE COAST PATROL.

Draw closer your oilskin jacket
To baffle the swirling snow.
For to-night's storm is the fiercest
That ever the ~~capt~~ did know.

The fiery eye of the lighthouse,
That has flashed its warnings far
Out where the pitiless breakers
Are pounding the seething bar.

Has been fast closed by the pelting
Of snow and blinding sleet.

What help is there now for the vessel
A walt from the scattered fleet?

Go down on the wreck-strewn beaches
Where the sea gives up its dead;
Perchance there will be one living
When the hungry waves are fed.

Go up on the reeling headlands.
Where the sand and sleet fly fast,
Propelled by a thousand furies.

Pursued by the shrieking blast.

And list for the boom of the cannon
When the tempest has paused for breath;
Where the mad waves are frightfully leaping.

There are men face to face with death.

Then fight your way to the life crew.
These seamen true and brave,
Who will battle the wildest billows.

Fear not! there are lives to save.

May the God who rules above us
Save to-night from the storm's wild
wrath.

Both the sailor and lonely surfman
Patrolling his wreck-strewn path.

—George A. Cowen, in Boston Transcript.



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CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

A few inquiries informed him where Bowers had deposited his source of supplies, and he watched until the miner went for a fresh portion one evening. Rider was helplessly intoxicated, and Bowers had been indulging freely himself. He placed a little pouch containing about \$300 in dust in his pocket, and crept out in the darkness without the faintest thought of danger.

A heavy blow behind the ears suddenly sent him to his knees, and a pair of strong hands grasped his throat at the same moment, but the owner had no easy task to accomplish his object. The realization of his danger fully sobered Bowers, and with a stilled curse he tore the grip from his throat and gained his feet by main strength.

It was too dark to see his assailant, but Hank Bowers was no coward, and instead of attempting to flee or call for help, he grappled silently with the would-be robber.

It did not last long. Once his arms were about his enemy, Bowers was master of the situation. Inch by inch he bent the other back until human endurance could bear no more, and with a groan the man's muscles relaxed and he fell heavily with Bowers on top of him.

"Struck a snag that time, didn't yer?" he demanded, grimly, seating himself on the other's breast and holding his wrists so that he could not draw a weapon.

"Let me up, blast you!" was the sullen reply as the man tried in vain to move.

"Want ter get up? All right, pard. Jest remember I've got a gun agin yer ribs, though, an' if yer don't go all quiet I'll let a hole through yer!"

As he spoke he arose and allowed the man to do likewise, keeping a stony grip on his collar. Then he said, sternly:

"Go on where I push you. I wantter see yer face."

A short walk brought them to the tent where Rider and Bowers slept, and into this the latter conducted his prisoner and lit a candle.

The light showed the face of a man about 30 years, with an expression of ferocity which was revolting, but Bowers surveyed it with satisfaction as he asked:

"Well, Mr. Man, what made yer tackle me? Hard up?"

"Yes."

The fellow gazed at him unflinchingly as he spoke.

"I s'pose yer know I could come pretty near havin' yer hung for this job?"

"Do it, d—, yer, an' don't talk about it," was the prompt reply.

Bowers released his grip, produced a bottle of liquor from his pocket and held it toward his companion, saying:

"Take a drink. You're a man after my own heart, you be. You an' I kin do business, I guess. How would yer like ter lay yer paws on a couple o' hundred thou, all in dust an' nuggets?"

"What's that yer saying?" replied the man, wiping his mouth on his coat sleeve as he lowered the bottle. "Are ye makin' game of me or what the—?"

"Do I look like a chap that fooled?" snarled Bowers, angrily. "I ain't the kind. I know some chaps as has got a few hundred pounds o' the yaller stuff all dug, an' if I had two or three good men they'd whack up the swag with me."

"I'm yer man!" exclaimed the other, looking him full in the eye. "I ain't scared of a little blood. I'm desperate and I'll join yer!"

"Knew another good man we could trust?" asked Bowers. "I've got a white-livered cuss with me as I'm goin' to cut loose from pretty quick. There will be plenty ter do the job."

"Plenty ter divide with too. Why can't we manage it between us?"

"Course we kin," said Bowers, "an' the fewer in it the better. Two good men is better'n twenty ter such a job. Will yer stick ter me, no matter what happens?"

"I never went back on a chum yet," was the prompt reply.

"All right. Now, what's yer name, pard?"

"My name's Turner."

"Wall, Turner, let's finish this licker the ~~two~~ thing."

It did not take long to accomplish this, and then Bowers said:

"I'll furnish the outfit an' take yer where the game is ter be played. You git one-third of the swag an' I git two-thirds. That's fair, ain't it?"

"I can't kick on that."

"All right. Now we'll git some sleep an' to-morrer we'll see if that's any bosses ter be got. If I hadn't been a chump I'd hold on ter what I brought in with me when I come."

On the following day, however, he took a different view of the matter. It would be impossible to start off on the trip without arousing the suspicions of Obed Rider, and Bowers decided that he must be of the party.

"He's just the chap ter split on us if we happened ter have a scrimmage an' that was any fuss here over it. I dassent leave him behind. We'll take him an' then he'll hev ter keep his mouth shut when he's in the same boat with us."

But after two days' search he was unable to procure a single horse, so great was the demand. His gold was running low besides, and at last he dared not wait any longer. Each man took as much provisions as he could carry on his back, and, early one morning, they started over the trail, armed with rifles and revolvers.

When they had proceeded a few miles on their way, Bowers said:

"Now, pard, we're out for big game an' we've got ter be mighty smart if we want ter come out all right. We're likely ter meet some o' the party we're after any time. They can't tote all their dust in on their backs an' then that's that girl. They must hev 'bout enuff by this time an' they'll like enuff send one o' the men ter Dyea after bosses for the gang. See?"

"That's hoss sense," replied Turner. "Wall," continued Bowers, "we must keep our eyes peeled that we don't let ourselves be seen by any such men. It'll spoil everything if we do."

It was well for his plans that he did keep a sharp lookout, for before night he saw a speck far ahead on the trail which he knew at once to be a man. He was standing on the edge of a piece of woods, and his companions were behind him at the time. Stepping in the shadow of the trees, he explained:

"That's a man comin', an' I'll bet it's one o' them we're after. He may hev seen me, an' it won't do for us all ter hide. He won't know you, Turner. You keep on an' pass the time o' day with him. Yer bound fer the fort, yer know. Keep right on, an' we'll hide till he's out o' sight, then we'll overtake yer."

Taylor at once walked ahead, while his two companions secreted themselves in the underbrush. They saw Turner stop and converse with the stranger a few moments, when the latter drew near them, and Bowers whispered:

"It's the man they call Taylor! He's got after bosses sure!"

All unconscious of the proximity of the two men, Taylor tramped sturdily on, and was soon out of hearing in the woods. Then the two left their ambush and hurried after Turner, who awaited them far out on the plain.

"What did he say?" inquired Bowers, eagerly.

"Asked me where I was bound an' whether there was any bosses ter be got in Dyea," said Turner, who never seemed to waste a word.

"I knew it!" declared Bowers. "Now we've got ter do is find a snug place this side whar the trail splits an' take it easy till the dust is under our eyes. He'll be back pretty quick if he git any bosses an' then we won't hev much longer ter wait."

Several days later saw them securely hidden in a piece of dense woods, but each day was divided into watches, when they took turns standing on sentinel duty. From a knoll a short distance from the hut they had built the trail was visible for fully a mile, and from daylight to dark they watched it closely.

Their patience was rewarded when, late one afternoon, they saw Dick Taylor riding along to the north, leading a string of horses behind him.

"Our time is most up now," said Bowers, grimly. "He'll fetch the mine by to-morrer. Them two chaps with him I've seen round Dyea. They're rich chaps, I've heard. He's picked 'em up an' is goin' ter sell out."

"How many will there be of them?" asked Turner, "an' how's the trick ter be done when they git here?" Dyer reckoned a regular holdup, or what?

"We might do it in the way," said Bowers, "an' stan' the risk o' gittin' wiped out, but it won't do ter risk it. There'll be too many o' em. I've got a scheme I'm goin' ter spring on 'em. Let's git back under cover an' I'll tell yet what it is."

When they reached their rude shelter and lighted their pipes he outlined his plan as follows:

Upon sighting the party Rider was to conceal himself in the woods near the hut. Bowers himself was to remain in the hut on the boughs which served him for a bed, while Turner's part was to meet the travelers and play the role of a decoy.

"They all know my phiz," said Bowers, "an' some o' them knows Rider. You are the only one they don't know. Of course, Taylor will remember meetin' yer the other day when he was goin' in, an' yer can tell him you've met a chap as is shot himself by mistake, an' is almost dead. Ask one o' em ter come an' see if there's any chance fer him, or sumthin' like that. One o' em is sur ter come, an' when he git into the shanty we kin hold him up darned quick."

"But what about the rest of them?" asked Rider.

"Why, yer chump, when this one don't come back it's ter one ter another feller'll come lookin' arter him, an' we'll fix him too. Then if the rest don't come we'll go out with our guns a lot of a sudden an' hold 'em up. We'll take all that guns an' horses light, out lively fer Dawson City. They'll be sure we've gone ter Dyea an'

we'll git off clean with the gold. It's nigher ter Dawson anyhow, then it is ter Dyea. We kin git down by water an' then take the steamer fer Seattle, while they're lookin' fer us round Dyea or Skagway. See?"

"Great head," said Turner, sententiously, while even Rider began to be impressed with the clever scheme. It was also a great relief to know that there was to be no bloodshed, for, bad as he was, he had not the heart for such deeds when he was sober.

After carefully discussing every phase of their villainous plot and arranging the details the trio stretched themselves on their rude beds and were soon sleeping as soundly as though no guilt rested on their minds.

CHAPTER XVI.
ROBBED.

All unconscious of the snare ahead of them, the successful gold hunters rode cheerfully along over the trail, their gold secured on their animals and their hearts filled with natural thanksgiving at their success. They were rich—rich beyond their wildest hopes, and it had all been done in a few short weeks.

They had registered their claims in Dyea, but there was considerable doubt whether they were located in American or British territory, as the boundary line was not exactly known. This, however, had been fairly explained to the purchasers, who declared their willingness to take the risk. They could well afford to do, for they had bought the claims for about one-quarter their actual value, and were well aware of the fact. They had only to register them in Dawson also to make them safe.

Their progress was necessarily slow, for each horse carried not only a rider, but a large amount of gold as well. Where the trail was very rough the men were forced to dismount at times, so that it was nearly night on the second day when the party drew near the piece of woods where Hank Bowers and his associates were hidden.

Taylor was leading the way as they reached the first trees, where already the lengthening shadows were stretching across the trail. The others were straggling along behind him, while Tom and Clara Avery rode side by side in the rear.

In fact this had already become his usual place, and his devotion was so apparent that the others had come to regard it as a foregone conclusion that the young couple had met their fate in each other.

Taylor was some ten yards ahead of his party when suddenly a man hurried out of the woods at his left and came directly toward him, shouting:

"Stranger! Hold on!"

Checking in his horse, Taylor allowed the man to reach his horse's side and then exclaimed:

"Who are you and what do you want?"

By this time the rest of the party had reached the spot and halted.

"There's a man back in the woods a little way here that is hurt bad," replied the newcomer. "Won't one o' yer come an' see if sumthin' can't be done for him? He's in a bad way."

Taylor looked hard at the stranger.

He was apparently about 40 years old, rather tall, a scar across his thin nose, which made his eyes seem close together. It was not a face to inspire confidence, but Dick Taylor had not the slightest suspicion of danger as he asked:

"Who is the man and where did he come from? What's the matter with him?"

"He's a sailor sort of a chap an' his horse threw him, he says. Then his pardner skipped off an' left him ter kick ther bucket alone."

As the man spoke Taylor suddenly remembered his face.

" Didn't I meet you not long ago on this trail?" he demanded.

With a well-assumed air of surprise the man drew nearer and stared at him a moment, then exclaimed:

"Right ye are, stranger! Yer was boun' fer Dyea afon' an' I was comin' this way. Didn't know yer at first. Yes, I got 'long here an' found this feller most dead. I knocked up a sort of a shanty in the bush an' got him into it, but he's dyin' sure's yer born."

"What's his name?" asked Avery, "and who is he?"

"Says his name's Rider. Obed—"

"Obed Rider!" cried Tom and the second mate, simultaneously.

"That's it! Dyer know him?" asked the stranger, looking at them with well-feigned surprise.

"The scoundrel!" cried Tom, jumping from his horse. "Come, Green, let's go and see if it is really him!"

But Avery spoke up at this point and said:

"Hold on, boys! Don't go rushing off like that! I don't take much stock in this story. Suppose it is some sort of a trap? Remember what we are taking with us."

"It's all right, boss," urged the newcomer. "You needn't be scared o' one man. This Rider begged me ter stay with him an' I hadn't ter heart ter

leave him. I wouldn't leave a dog ter die in the bush alone. If yer don't want ter come, all right, but I hoped yer was men enuff fer that. I'm goin' back ter him. He may be dead by this time."

"Where does your man say he's from?" demanded Tom, his anger melting away as he thought of his enemy dying miserably by himself in this wilderness.

"He says he's from Dyea. He had a pardner named Butters or some such name. He's out of his head sometimes an' goes 'bout a lot o' gold an' how some o' them goin' ter git held up an' such nonsense. Then he's got some papers an' he thinks about when he sees 'em is some gold mine an' a chap named Scott."

"That settles it!" cried Tom. "Come on, Green, we'll go."

Without waiting to hear another word the man turned on his heel and led the way among the stunted pines from whence he had emerged. Tom and Green followed him and the rest dismounted to await their return.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAN NEVER SATISFIED.

THE PERVERSITY OF HUMAN NATURE
CROPS OUT EVEN UNDER THE MOST
ADVANTAGEOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

How true it is that what man cannot get he desires most



Tempered with Mercy.

"Yes, I was drunk, your honor," the prisoner said, "but I've been pretty well punished already. I had \$60 when I went out on the street, and a lot of gamblers got hold of me and swindled me out of \$38."

"Under those circumstances," remarked his honor, with a sympathetic cough, "the court is disposed to be lenient with you. The fine will be two dollars."—Chicago Tribune.

The Unpardonable Part. It is getting "found out" that is really the curse. Of our wrongs, for it can't be denied that the rat in the trap may be not a bit worse. Than the one that is on the outside. —Elliot's Magazine.

HARD ON THE FAIR SEX.



Dot (aged six)—Mamma, if I get married will I have to have a husband like papa?

Mamma—Yes.

Dot (after a pause)—Mamma, it's a tough world for us women, isn't it?—Sketch.

A Short Story. Fido was small, but dreadfully brave. As every one knows, for one day He awoke at a great big railroad train, And the railroad train ran away!—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Home-like.

"What is that peculiar smell?" asked the dyspeptic passenger, with strong symptoms of disgust, as the train approached the suburbs.

"Dot's cabbage," delightedly exclaimed the passenger with the tip-pets around his neck. "You can't vool me on vruit!"—Chicago Tribune.

He Knew That One.

A little fellow who has not, as yet, succeeded in learning the name of the three daily meals, came down to breakfast the other morning, when his mamma said:

"Well, Rollo, what meal is this?" "Oatmeal," was the confident reply.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Independent Voter.

Reformer—I hope you do not allow yourself to be led by blind partisan prejudice to vote as some leader dictates.

Voter—Betcher life I don't. Partisan prejudice don't cut no ice wit me. Money talks.—N. Y. Journal.

Political Ornithology.

Hodge (after spelling through paper)—What's an Afrigander, missus? Missus—Why, the 'usband of an Afrigoose, o' course!

Hodge—And what's an Afrigoose? Missus—Why, a hostrich, o' course!

—Punch.

A Great Oversight.

Ida—Here is an account of a woman who went to sleep, had a terrible dream and woke up to find her hair was white.

May—it's her own fault. I suppose she forgot to apply the hair dye before retiring.—Chicago Daily News.

Meandering Mike's Request.

It as a hero I loom up
One 'ring I want to beg;
Don't offer me no lovin' cup.
I'd rather have a keg.—Washington Star.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

Husband—Smikeson's wife is away, and I'm going over there this evening to cheer him up.

Wife—Why don't you bring him here? Husband—Well—er—I'm not feeling very well, and need a little cheering up myself.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Serious Case.

Late one evening a doctor received a note from a couple of fellow-practitioners, saying: "Pray step across to the club. We are one short of a game of poker."

"Emily, dear," he then said to his wife, "I am called away again. It appears to be a very serious case, there are two doctors already in attendance."—Tit-Tits.

To Match.

"Lobelia," demanded Mr. McSwat, as he stood, hat in hand, waiting for her, "are you going out walking with that bicycling dress on?"

"This is my rainy-day skirt," replied Mrs. McSwat, "and I certainly am going out walking in it."

"Then wait a minute," he said, "and I will turn up my trousers."—Chicago Tribune.

Treacherous.

Mr. Broadstairs—I have 300 hens on my place.

Young Quigley (solemnly) — Well, you want to look out for them.

Mr. Broadstairs (astonished)—Look out for them! Why?

Young Quigley (still solemnly)—Because they are laying for you.—N. Y. World.

Exasperating.

Quinn—When women imagine themselves wits they are a menace to the community.

DeFonte—You must have met some of late.

Quinn—Yes, my wife. She asked me if a sea horse was in any way related to a bay mare.—Chicago Daily News.

He Got the Change.

Judge—Why did you pick this physician's pocket?

Prisoner—I was only follerin' his advice, your honor.

Judge—What do you mean?

Prisoner—Well, I consulted him about my healt, an' he told me that I had to have change or die.—N. Y. World.

What He Might Become.

"What do you expect your boy to be when he grows up?"

"From present indications," returned the fond father, who had just heard of the youngster's getting into another scrape. "I should say that there was every likelihood that he would be a disappointment."—Chicago Post.

An Unfair Advantage.

As an expert tennis player, Our baby beats them all; Because his racket is immense, He doesn't miss a bawl.—Puck.

A COLD RECEPTION.



Salesman (striking for a raise in wages)—I have been working for you for 18 years.

Employer—Um—yes; just see how patient I am.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

At the Woman's Club.

She feared her paper might fall flat, Her theme was far from bright, So donne her newest frock and hat, And thus come through all right.—Chicago Record.

A Cloud's Golden Linning.

Henpeck—There is a man that has my pity and envy simultaneously—you see his wife is one of the most noted of nags.

Friend—Now, where does your envy come in?

Henpeck—Well, you see he is as deaf as a post and cannot hear a word she says.—Judge.

No Cause for Worry.

Miss Million (of uncertain age)—The only thing that worries me is the wedding tour. It will be perfectly horrible to have people know—

Miss Rosebud (viciously)—Oh, don't worry. They'll think you're his mother.—Tit-Bits.

What She Needed.

"The man I marry," she said, "must have no bad habits; he must be handsome, manly, loving, generous, liberal, thoughtful"—"Miss Frieze," he interrupted coldly, "you should marry a department store."—Philadelphia North American.

Needed Cheering.

Husband—Smikeson's wife is away, and I'm going over there this evening to cheer him up.

Wife—Why don't you bring him here? Husband—Well—er—I'm not feeling very well, and need a little cheering up myself.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Question.

"Pa," said Willie, "may I ask you just one more question before I go to bed?"

"Yes, my boy. What is it?" "If I'd been your brother, would I have been my own uncle?"—Harper's Bazaar.

The Cart Before the Horse.

Cox—What does Enniston have in that trailer behind his automobile?

Nixon—A reserve power.

Cox—Some electrical contrivance?

Nixon—No. It's a good, old-faith ioned horse.—Harlem Life.

"Ah, your son's a smart fellow—got his father's head, eh?—chip of the old block!"—Ally Sloper.

Old Letters.

I cannot read his letters o'er, 'Twould wake my heart to pain once more; His wds of love would make me sad—And then his writing was so bad.—Chicago Record.

His Way.

Young Mother—Arthur Oldbeau is always paying queer compliments. Friend—What's his latest?

Young Mother—To-day he congratulated the baby on having such a pretty mother to look like.—Puck.

Misunderstood.

Her Mother—Don't you find Jack Wheeler rather rough, Priscilla?

Priscilla—Yes, mamma. And yet he says he shaves every day.—Harlem Life.

THE EXPERT WITNESS.

His Absurd Tendency to Beg a Simple Question in Technical Elucidation.

One of the besetting sins of the expert witness is the habit or tendency to use a lot of Latin words in describing an injury to the jury. In some exceptional cases, doubtless, this is done without affectation or for a purpose; but we have no hesitation in saying that in the majority of instances it is a very good index of the learning and capacity of the expert, on the assumption that the more words of this sort are used the more probability there is that they cover a deficiency of knowledge and thorough grounding on the part of the user. A really able man in his profession will always accommodate himself to circumstances, and, realizing the capacity of the average juror, use very different forms and methods of expression in testifying before court and jury than if he were making an address or delivering a paper on some scientific subject before an audience of his professional brethren.

A physician, for example, who, when upon the stand, is asked to describe something to the jury, uses all the high-sounding terms and expressions he can muster, deserves to have very little attention paid to his testimony—and usually gets his deserts. An amusing example of this truth is given in the following account of an actual happening in an English court. It is from a little book entitled "Hints on Advocacy," published first in England:

"I discovered considerable ecchymosis under the left orbit, caused by extravasation of blood beneath the cuticle," said a young house surgeon, in a case of assault, at the assizes.

Baron Bramwell—I suppose you mean the man had a black eye?

Scientific Witness—Precisely, my lord.

"Perhaps, if you had said so in plain English, those gentlemen would better understand you."

"Precisely, my lord," answered the learned surgeon, evidently delighted that the judge understood his meaning.

This incident, which might be paralleled many times in court in this country, carries its own comment. What the jury wants is to be enlightened on disputed points, and the way to do this is not to use purely technical expressions, but to explain in plain, homely language. There is no danger that in doing this the expert will be liable to detract from the general estimate of his own abilities, but rather the reverse will be the case.—Albany Law Journal.

NOVEL INSURANCE SCHEMES.

One in Holland That Does Not Encourage the Girls to Rush Into Matrimony.

"Why marry when you can get a good pension at the age of 40 by remaining single?" Such is the startling and enticing notice exhibited in Holland. The object of this company is to provide a pension for females who have been able to withstand, up to that time of life, the alluring offers of the opposite sex. Only young girls are admitted as members.

Each member pays a small sum yearly, beginning at the age of 13. Should a member so far forget herself as to contract a matrimonial alliance, she immediately forfeits all her rights.

Should she, on the other hand, remain single up to 40 years of age, she gets her pension. Many take advantage of this system and remain single until the time limit has expired, draw their pension and then marry.

The owner of an extensive bathing machine business at a well-known resort this summer hit upon a novel insurance scheme. He had a large number of coupons printed and offered them to his customers at one pence each; the coupon entitled the purchaser's heir to the sum of \$1,250 should the holder of the ticket lose his life by drowning while using one of the proprietor's bathing machines. The tickets were available for one day only.

The novel and original method of insuring a person's life "caught on," nearly every customer purchased a ticket, and as the man's connection was a very large one, the sale of insurance tickets amounted daily to some hundreds, and at the same time it helped largely to increase his circle of patrons. Not one claims up to the present time has been paid, and it does not seem as if any casualty is likely to take place, seeing that two or three men in boats are always on the scene in case of an emergency.—N. Y. Times.

In the Australian Bush.

Dr. Semen started from Jena with the intention of spending two years in the Australian bush, studying the life history of those extraordinary animals, the ornithorychus, or water mole, the echidna and the lung-fish, or ceratodus. He has just published the results in an interesting book of science and adventure. The water mole, as the colonists term it, when feeding rakes up the mud with its duck-like beak and stows away worms, snails and mussels in its cheek-pouches for further consumption. Its thick, horny jaws take the place of teeth and are well adapted for cracking shellfish. The ceratodus confines itself to fresh water and in general habits resembles a newt.—N. Y. Times.

Another Invention Needed.

As she paused for breath he reached for his hat and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I am going to telegraph to Marconi," he replied, "and tell him that after he has perfected his wireless telegraphy there is another field of much the same nature for him to invade."

"What is it?" she demanded.

"I want him to devote his intellect to the invention of a voiceless curtain lecture."—Chicago Post.

Dr. Bull's

Cures all Throat and Lung Affections.

COUGH SYRUP

Get the genuine. Refuse substitutes.

IS SURE

Dr. Bull's Pills cure Dyspepsia. Trial, 20 for 5c.

5cts

DROPSY

NEW DISCOVERY! gives

quick relief and cures worst

cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment

Dr. H. G. GREEN'S SONS, Box D, Atlanta, Ga.

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PISO'S CURE FOR

GUINES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use

in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

15cts

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5cts

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Hanging of Clarence Williams.
(Continued from first page.)

fired three shots at her. One of the bullets took effect, entering her back at the right side, passing through her liver and out her breast. The wounded girl died the next afternoon.

The killing caused the greatest excitement in the village where so many mysterious crimes have been committed and so few ferreted out and the criminals punished.

Immediately after the killing Williams appeared. At two o'clock on the afternoon on a warrant for his arrest he turned and Deputy Sheriff W. W. McRae and Constable Joe Williams and the large Hill started in pursuit of the murderer. He was traced to Lloyd Ashburn's farm near this cut where they arrested him just one hour after the warrant was issued. He was in a sound fit when apprehended by the officers, and had on his person a revolver with every chamber loaded, but he made no effort to use it when he saw the officers.

After being arrested, the murderer's first question was, "Is Josie dead?" He said that the shooting was accidental, as he just shot to scare her. He was immediately brought to Paris and placed in jail to await trial. It was alleged that Williams said two weeks before the shooting that he expected to kill the girl at some time.

Coroner H. H. Roberts held an inquest over the body of the dead girl and the jury returned a verdict that she came to her death from a gunshot wound inflicted by Clarence Williams.

The murdered girl was a comely colored girl, the daughter of "Cap" Tillman, a one-trained negro who is a noted character in Clayville.

His Last Hope Gone.

Charles D. Webb, Williams' attorney, who used every means in his power to secure executive clemency for the condemned man, received the following communication Saturday:

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 9, 1899.
CHAS. D. WEBB, ATTY.,
Paris, Ky.

SIR—Referring to the petition of Clarence Williams, I am directed by the Governor to say that the statements contained therein do not show sufficient reason for the exercise of Executive clemency. Very truly,

J. L. EARLYWINE,
Private Secretary.

Sketch of Williams

Clarence Williams, who paid the death penalty for the murder of Josie Tillman, his paramour, was a young negro man about twenty-five years old, weighing probably 140 pounds. He lived in Clayville, and last January finished serving two years in the penitentiary for shooting and wounding William Warren. Shortly after his release he and Harry Walker drove two cows belonging to Eld. J. S. Sweeney over to Georgetown and sold them. When out of this money he went to Lexington and bought a pistol which was to be used in killing the Tillman girl.

Williams was very illiterate, not being able to read or write, and dictated all of his communications, after he was confined in the Paris jail, to Forrest Lane, who wrote them for him. All during his confinement, even after being sentenced to death, Williams has been in good spirits, and never seemed to realize the enormity of his crime. He persistently refused to see ministers and had but few callers besides his relatives, his attorney and newspaper men.

Williams willingly stood in the jail yard while a NEWS man took the photograph from which the above cut was made. He was grateful for a copy of the photo which he gave to his sister.

The Trial.

Since Williams was indicted by grand jury at the June term of the Circuit Court, and he was tried in the same term. Being without money to employ a lawyer, Judge J. E. C. Clegg appointed Jno. Charles D. Williams as his counsel, to be assisted by Rogers & Moore, the trial consumed less than half a day, the bearing of the evidence occupying only a short time. Speeches were made for the defendant by Judge Webb and attorney S. B. Rogers, and Commonwealth's Attorney Franklin spoke for the prosecution. The case was then given to the jury, which

TRY IT
Women suffering from female troubles and weakness, and from irregular or painful menstres, ought not to lose hope if doctors cannot help them. Physicians are so busy with other diseases that they do not understand fully the peculiar ailments and the delicate organism of woman. What the sufferer ought to do is to give a fair trial to

BRADFIELD'S Female Regulator
which is the true cure provided by Nature for all female troubles. It is the formula of a physician of the highest standing, who devoted his whole life to the study of the distinct ailments peculiar to our mothers, wives and daughters. It is made of soothing, healing, strengthening herbs and vegetables, which have been provided by a kindly Nature to cure irregularity in the menses, Leucorrhœa, Falling of the Womb, Nervousness, Headache and Backache. In fairness to herself and to Bradfield's Female Regulator, every suffering woman ought to give it a trial. A large \$1 bottle will do a wonderful amount of good. Sold by druggists.

Send for a fully illustrated free book on the subject.
The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Scrofula to Consumption.

Any one predisposed to Scrofula can never be healthy and vigorous. This taint in the blood naturally drifts into Consumption. Being such a deep-seated blood disease, Swift's Specific is the only known cure for Scrofula, because it is the only remedy which can reach the disease.

Scrofula appeared on the head of my little grandchild when only 18 months old. Shortly after breaking out it spread rapidly all over his body, and such severe sores would peel off on the slightest touch, and the odor that would arise made the atmosphere of the room sickening and unbearable. I took him to a doctor, and he attested the eyes, and we feared she would lose her sight. Eminent physicians from the surrounding country were consulted, but could do nothing to relieve the child except to give it a placebo and say it was innocent, and gave it their opinion that the case was hopeless and impossible to save the child's sight. It was at this time we decided to try Swift's Specific. That medicine at once made a speedy and complete cure. She is now a young lady, and has never had a sign of the disease to return.

Mrs. RUTHERFORD, Salina, Kan.

Scrofula is an obstinate blood disease, and is beyond the reach of the average blood medicine. Swift's Specific

S.S.S. For The Blood

is the only remedy equal to such deep-seated diseases; it goes down to the very foundation and forces out every taint. It is *purely vegetable*, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no mercury, potash or other mineral substance whatever.

Books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

after twenty minutes' deliberation, returned a verdict fixing his punishment at death. Judge Cantrell passed sentence on Williams, and named December 1st as the date for his execution. Judge Webb then took the case to the Court of Appeals, which affirmed the decision of the lower court. Gov. Bradley then named December 11th as the day when Williams must pay the penance for his crime.

Judge Cantrell complimented the defendant's counsel upon the manner in which the case was conducted and the condemned man expressed himself as well satisfied with their efforts in his behalf. It is doubtful if any lawyer could have saved Williams from the gallows, the evidence showing no extenuating circumstances.

The Death Warrant.
On Saturday morning Sheriff Bowes, in the presence of Jailer Kiser and Deputy Jailer Gibson, read the death warrant to Williams in his cell. The condemned man listened to the reading without any outward show of feeling whatever, and Deputy Jailer Gibson, who watched his face closely, says he did not move an eyelash even. The following is the death warrant:

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.
TO THE SHERIFF OF BOURBON COUNTY:

Whereas a copy of the judgment of the Bourbon Circuit Court, and the mandate of the Court of Appeals, in the case of the Commonwealth of Kentucky against Clarence Williams was this day filed before me, and it appears therefore that said Williams was convicted of murder in said Circuit Court on July 5, 1899, and sentenced by the Judge thereto to be hanged on September 1, 1899, and that said judgment was affirmed by the Court of Appeals on September 29, 1899.

Now, therefore, you are hereby commanded on Monday, the 11th day of December, 1899, to take the said Clarence Williams from confinement in the jail in Bourbon County and in a convenient place to the jail aforesaid, in the presence of not more than fifty persons (two of whom may be designated by the Court rendering the judgment and the remainder by you) between sunrise and sunset, hang the defendant by the neck until he is dead. And you will make due return of this writ.

Given under my hand and seal as Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, this 10th day of October, 1899, and in the one hundred and eighth year of the Commonwealth.

WM. O. BRADLEY.

By the Governor.

CHAS. FINLEY, By F. C. WOOD,
Sec. of State, Asst. Sec. of State.

—**Holiday and Wedding Presents**

When in Cincinnati you are cordially invited to call and examine late arrivals of the most exclusive patterns in

Advance a Step
If you have been in the habit of taking pills for your constipation and with poor results, just try a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup of Pepsin and you will be surprised at the results. Very pleasant to take. 10c, 50c and \$1.00. For sale by G. S. Varden & Co.

Useful holiday presents are becoming more popular every year, and nothing is more useful than a pair of nice shoes. Davis Thompson & Isgrig can fit feet of all sizes. (Dec 8th)

I was nearly dead with dyspepsia, tried doctors, visited mineral springs, and grew worse. I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. That cured me. It digests what you eat. Cures indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn and all forms of dyspepsia. W. T. Brooks.

FINE leather goods, rare perfumes, combs and brushes, stationery, gold pens, Havana cigars—all suitable holiday presents—at Clarke & Keeney's. Pick out your presents and have them laid aside.

Give your cow a little cotton seed meal with her other feed. It costs but little and she will give you richer milk. It's an invaluable cure for conges, colds, grippe, pneumonia, bronchitis and throat and lung troubles. W. T. Brooks.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers purify the blood, clean the liver, invigorate the system. Famous little pills for constipation and liver troubles. W. T. Brooks.

Mrs. CORNE WATSON does not want to carry over her golf hats, sailors and walking hats, so she will offer them at less than cost from now until Christmas. Ladies should take a look at them. (Dec 9th)

J. B. Clark, Peoria, Ill., says, Sunbeams wanted to operate on me for piles, but I cured them with D. W. D. Witt's "W. H. Hazel Salve." It is invaluable for piles and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. W. T. Brooks.

OLIVES, Olive Oil, Chow Chow, Salad Dressing, L. Salomon & Co.

DOW & SPARRE have the finest line of candies in Paris—Aligretti's, Plows, (St. Louis), Lowmyer's and Peedles—always fresh.

It takes but a minute to overcome tickling in the throat and to stop a cough by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. This remedy quickly cures all forms of throat and lung troubles. Harmless to pleasant to take. It prevents consumption. A famous specific for grippe and its after effects. W. T. Brooks.

I keep my salt indoors to stop a cough. Every barrel I send out is as fresh and clean as the day it was packed. Geo. W. Stuart, opposite L. & N. freight depot.

Miss ALICE E. GUNNING, Tyre, Mich., says, "I suffered a long time from dyspepsia and flesh and became very weak. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure completely cured me." It digests what you eat and cures all forms of stomach trouble. It never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases. W. T. Brooks.

THOMAS' STOCK MEDICINE will cure Hog Cholera. The medicine can be made at home for less than five cents a pound. Money refunded at any time within sixty days if not satisfactory. Price of receipts \$1. Call at BOURBON NEWS office and get them.

A. T. FORSYTH.

ATTENTION PURCHASERS.

THOMAS' STOCK MEDICINE will cure Hog Cholera. The medicine can be made at home for less than five cents a pound. Money refunded at any time within sixty days if not satisfactory. Price of receipts \$1. Call at BOURBON NEWS office and get them.

A. T. FORSYTH.

House and Sign Painting,

PAPER HANGING,

DECORATING.

L. H. Landman, M. D.,
of No. 503 W. Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Will be at the Windsor Hotel, Paris, Ky.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12th.

returning every second Tuesday in each month.

REFERENCE.—Every leading physician in Paris, Kentucky.

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Kodol

Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

Artificially digests the food and aids in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs.

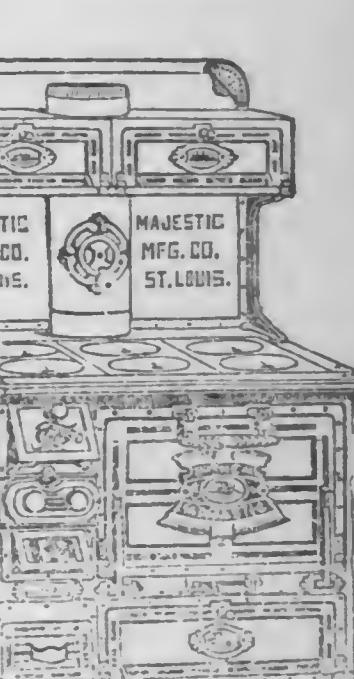
It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion.

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

W. T. BROOKS.

PERRY'S STOVE AND TIN STORE

THE GREAT MAJESTIC



THE GREAT MAJESTIC

I have a complete line of the great Majestic ranges.

For gas ranges, bone furnaces, plumbing, metal roofing, door and window screens, refrigerators, etc., I can give the best line for the least money.

BENJ. PERRY,

PARIS, KY.

RAILROAD TIME CARD.

L. & N. R. R.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS:

From Cincinnati—10:58 a. m., 5:30 p. m.; 10:10 p. m.

From Lexington—5:11 a. m., 7:43 a. m., 3:23 p. m.; 6:27 p. m.

From Richmond—5:05 a. m., 7:40 a. m., 3:18 p. m.

From Maysville—7:45 a. m., 3:15 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS:

To Cincinnati—9:45 a. m., 5:15 a. m., 3:30 p. m.

To Lexington—7:50 a. m., 3:30 a. m., 5:45 p. m.; 10:14 p. m.

To Richmond—11:10 a. m., 3:45 p. m., 10:16 p. m.

To Maysville—7:50 a. m., 6:35 p. m.

F. B. CARR, Agent.

Sterling Silverware, Watches, Jewelry, Art Novelties, Diamonds, Fine Stationery, etc.

Mail orders receive prompt and careful attention. Choicest goods sent on approval to patrons everywhere. Write and state your needs.

Given under my hand and seal as Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, this 10th day of October, 1899, and in the one hundred and eighth year of the Commonwealth.

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Sec. of State, Asst. Sec. of State.

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Given under my hand and seal as Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, this 10th day of October, 1899, and in the one hundred